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VOL. XXIII

TORONTO APRIL 1912

No. 6

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done by some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sure, on which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done, just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has a moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until his friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—he cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favor done, and want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly works sixteen hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere, that has no other use.
And fix you while the idle man is framing an excuse.

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The Toronto General Trust Company's building at Toronto, one of the "Big Buildings" erected last year and described in an article on page 394 in this magazine.

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HOW WILD THINGS LIVE THEIR LIVES

CAMERA HUNTING AMONG THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

UP north in that vast wild known as the Ontario Highlands, rests the big playground and roaming-ground of the wood and water denizens; one million acres of little lakes and shaggy uplands about which the Government has placed a protecting arm and to its wild things granted immunity. The place is called Algonquin National Park. Throughout this wilderness, all year round, roam vigilant Rangers, whose part is to see that the law is lived up to and that the wild things are not molested by hunter or poacher. The trails which these men follow are long and arduous trails. Some of the Rangers drift back to civilization twice, perhaps three times a year. Others keep to the

Many of them are men of education and refinement. One, with whom I trekked the snow-trails of his solitude, was a doctor who had lost his health in a smoky city and who, to use his own expression, had "come home to stay." His youth had been spent in the forest-lands of Maine. To-day his eye is clear, his blood clean, and his muscles hard as iron. Another Ranger, I learned, was a botanist; and I secretly think it would be possible to find one of them to whom the mysteries and solitudes of the forest do not strongly appeal.

In this great wilderness of wood and water is to be found every variety of northern animal and bird, and here the lover of wild things may study them to

his heart's content—*provided he knows how.* For the world of the untamed is not a zoo, into which the hunter with the camera and pamphlet may step and calmly take his pleasure; this fact is borne home to the novice after many ineffectual attempts to procure photographs of those shy



THE CANADIAN OTTER.

find a purpose.



ARCTIC SNOW OWL.

birds and animals that have a knack of appearing so suddenly and disappearing more suddenly still. It takes more than one season in the woods to teach one the art of proper observation. It requires infinite patience and much self-denial to learn a great deal about the shy, elusive wild things to whom Nature has accorded such matchless intuition and cunning.

THE SPRING AWAKENING.

As to the last season in which to study bird and animal life, opinions differ. Much, of course, depends upon climatic and other conditions. Spring is invariably the nature student's favorite season for the work.

To him who has followed the wood-trail of many shaglands and to whom the denseness of forest and stream have appealed most strongly, there is something indescribably beautiful about the great and mystic drawing together of the kinds, when the forest sides are greening and the white lakes are waking. All about is life and sound. The tiniest mouse of unknown

seems to fit harmoniously with the perfect whole. A chick-dee flits from sapling to sapling, a feathered atom no larger than a butterfly, his little soul alive and his throat swelling as he calls. From a far valley comes an answering note and he darts away.

A striped chipmunk, feathery tail erect, shoots from stump hollow to log and sits up to blink at a mossy patch on which rests a coverlet of strained sunlight. He leaps for it, digs his little claws

into it in ecstasy; lathers in the yellow lake of warmth. Then he bounds away towards a sound, inaudible to us, which his watchful ears have caught.

'Tis the mating season of the wild things. The woods are full of dank, sweet smells of dory wood, damp leaves, and spicy pine needles.

A wee tree-mouse, round ears protruding inquiringly, and long whiskers a-tremble, peeps out of the doorway of her winter home. Just above her looms her old enemy, the screech-owl. She knows he is there, but she knows also that in the daytime she has nothing to fear from

him. She creeps out carefully, watchfully, and scampers across the damp, warming earth. By and by she returns to her home in the tree-trunk. In her mouth she carries a bunch of soft dried grass.

Deeper into the woodland, a ruffed grouse stands motionless and erect, her brown body showing in marked contrast against a charred, fire-licked stubble of trees. Throughout the summer and autumn she held to the brushland whose

mastery; then the victor will take the brown, waiting bird for mate. These battles for the possession of a mate are common enough among the feathered and furry creatures of tangle and water. Frequently, particularly among the smaller animals, the fight is to the death; while many of the larger ones, such as the bull-moose, dog-wolf, and buck-deer, frequently succumb to the wounds received in fierce battle with their sex and kind.



YOUNG FOXES AT MOUTH OF THEIR CAVE.

grey shoots blended so well with her markings of grey and brown. Now, as though anxious to be seen, she stands beside a blackened stump, neck stretched and ears and eyes alert.

FIGHTING FOR A MATE.

Just a little way beyond her two cock-grouse are contesting her ownership. They stand facing each other, heads low and necks vibrant with anger. They will fight until one or the other proves his

Others of the animals seem to find the choosing of a mate no easy task and one requiring little or no proof of superiority. The muskrat, that industrious little roamer of the marshlands, seldom fights with his neighbor or disputes his claim. Possessed of an easy, tranquil nature it seems that he would prefer remaining a bachelor to fighting for a mate. Nature would seem to have robbed him of all ferocity and to have implanted it in the bosom of the female, for she will fight



A SCREECH OWL.

from the time she begins boxing the building of their round rush home until her young, ten in number, are born and able to take care of themselves.

The beaver, a kindly relative of the muskrat, many times removed, seems al-

list may be fortunate enough to learn in a single day what another may fail to learn in a lifetime concerning a certain animal, but even the most careless observer cannot fail to discover that wild things are endowed with greater or lesser



AMERICAN OSPREYS.

so to possess his small cousin's peevish disposition and kindly nature. I have venched those animals at all seasons and I cannot say that I think their wonderful powers of reasoning or their marvellous instinct have been at all overrated—something I cannot conscientiously say of many of the other animals and birds with which I have had a long and happy acquaintance.

SOME ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

Without in any way wishing to criticise the writers of what are called Nature-Stories, I cannot in justice to my little friends, pass over certain erroneous impressions that have been given regarding these industrious animals. Some natu-

degrees of intelligence and cunning, and that in a family of animals is always to be found one of cleverness superior to that of his brothers and sisters. The master architect of a beaver colony is not always the largest and strongest beaver, either. He may even be a stunted member possessing no exterior qualities to commend him, but with a wisdom far superior to that of his subjects and a power of generalship that is Napoleonic. He directs because he was born for that purpose.

The industrious little citizens of Beaver-town do not, as is commonly supposed, use the tail as a trowel in building operations; their two forepaws do the work instead, and when swimming the fore-

feet are seldom used at all. Neither does the male member of that marvelous house of tooth-cut logs and twigs, standing dome-like above the deep water behind the dam, control and direct his household. On the other hand, he is a mightily submissive and hen-pecked individual indeed. He bows and carries for Mrs. Beaver, keeps well to his own apartment of the home, and is occasionally allowed to see—NOT TOUCH—those wee fat babies, from two to six in number usually, which the fond mother suckles and cares for so affectionately.

Deeper into the tangle where the swift streams glide and whirl beneath a canopy of over-reaching trees, and where the daylight is strained to a blue whiteness resembling twilight, one may, by long

penetrable nook of the denser gloom. Fortunate indeed is he who has witnessed this fond mother training her kittens to swim and dive and catch the darting fish of the tiny bays always close to her den.

Further into the darkness the mother mink has her five blind babies hidden, far in a crevice beneath a great tree-root, fearfully guarding them and venturing forth along the shores or in the waters in search of frogs or clams but seldom, for fear the mate, from whom she hides, will spy out her halitations and put an end to her kittens in her absence.

Down the stream comes swimming another little animal. She is about two feet long from the tip of her lifted nose to the end of her tail, fringed with long, black guard-hairs. When she lifts



A LARGE CANADIAN LYNX.

and patient perseverance, see others of these wilder and shyer water animals at home. The fat otter, whose disposition, compared with other inhabitants of the shadowed streams, is happy and care-free, has her house hidden away in some im-

herself to a sunken log her soft steel-grey fore-part glistens in the sunlight. Her sloping body terminates in a rich brown. Between her white teeth she holds a still struggling frog. This is the "fisher," one of the fiercest little fighters among the

smaller fur-bearing animals. Like the mink, she has securely secreted her four babies from the prying eyes of the unnatural father.

Far down where the forest growth is thickest and where the stream narrows to spraying swiftness between high boulders, on the shore of a white-capped eddy stands another animal, a little smaller than the fisher. Her den is in a deep crevice of the rock close beside her. This is the martin, one of the shyest little rodents of all the wild husband. She is a

may find much to see, much to wonder over, much worth while among the water-animals. When spring is gone and the verdure of tree and bush has broken into fuller bloom, the naturalist will experience greater difficulty in his search of the wild. Only on the more sparsely-wooded uplands will he be able to follow the lives and habits, in a small measure, of those shy denizens of the forest.

High above, on the branch of some giant tree, he may mark the nest of the great eagle, a dark blotch against the



A DOE AND FAWN.

beautiful little animal, the color of her fur being a commingling of light canary, orange, and light and dark brown, deepening to almost black in places. Her hair is extremely soft and full, the guard-hairs being long and very glossy. In her mouth she holds a wee three-days-old baby. She is moving her family to another hiding place much as a cat moves her kittens when she fancies danger threatens.

And so all down the lake and water chain of that deep Algonquin wood one

faint green of springing leaf. Beside it, peering down at him and occasionally sending him a screech of derision, sit the great birds, master and mistress of the boundless, cloud-flecked air-lanes.

Perhaps, if he possess his soul in infinite patience, he may, by selecting some spot along waste waterway, be rewarded by a glimpse of a timid doe and her fawn, or by following that stream down to a point where the waters widen and grow sluggish, he may see a young fox litter issue from a hole in the embankment, to furtively

creep into a neighboring thicket, there to play and roll and bite—for all the world like happy puppies. Or, through great good fortune, he may see that wise wild stalker of the shadows, the lynx, sprawled on the moss, his vigilance for the

of art, much of patience, and a world of love and sympathy for the little friends we would know the better.

But to one who has known the wooded realm in all its seasons and has studied the birds and animals in making time and

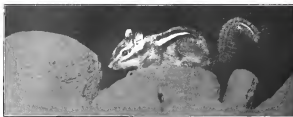


WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE.

moment relaxed, after the appeasing of his hunger in a meal of fat rabbit.

So much for the wild things and their environment in the growing, calling springtime. It is all a wonderful story, the reading of which requires something

prowling time, the winter season of the savage thing and wild thing is the most enchanting. There is something unspeakably beautiful about this great realm of sleeping timber and frozen lake and snow-blanketed upland; an unnamable charm



A CHIPMUNK POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

that draws the old hush-lover back along those white-filled trails, there to know those animals in their time of devastation,

STORIES ON THE SNOW.

One reads an old and always new story on the snows and learns to read in the criss-cross lines of tracks the petty triumphs and failures of the food-seekers; the little forest tragedies on padded and befeathered snow. One sees in the loping track of fox or wolf the eager searching for the scent of the game. There are the harrowing lopes that mark the trail of the seeker, the deep imprint of the clawed feet that marks the spring, and then the finish in the blood-sprinkled snow.

The old, old story of the forest; the old tale of seek, tear down, destroy.

Winter holds that vast solitude in silence deep as her grip is strong. Scarcely a sound comes to the wanderer across

the frozen lake or snowy rise, save, indeed, the occasional chatter of a red squirrel or the plaintive little note of the snow-wren. And he actually sees little of the life that goes abroad through the night alone, the dark hours claimed by the food-hunters, but rarely catching sight of howling deer, creamy ermine, whirling grouse, or snowy owl—that amber-eyed night-rover whose plumage matches the white cloak of his hunting-ground.

But at night, when the day wind rests and the aurora borealis drifts upward in the northern skies, are heard the voices of the night-rovers calling. From the swales come the wavering yelps of the wolf-pack, from the uplands the shriller bark of the trailing fox and the snarling whine of the stalking lynx.

And in the morning one may read again the story the wild things write upon the snow.

WORK, LIVE, BE HAPPY

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize, after all, what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

By P. W. LUCE

"DID you ever know any girl who really *did* propose during a leap year?"

Miss Ansell's question provoked many replies from the small crowd of salesgirls around her. Some had heard of cases, others guessed it had happened, but not one knew for certain.

"What I want to know," Miss Ansell's nasal tones broke in on the babble of feminine voices, "what I want to know is, has it ever really happened, or is it just a joke? I don't want to be a saffragette, but if I thought I could land one man, I'd certainly do it."

The exact relation between a Leap Year proposal and the female suffrage movement did not seem to disturb the salesladies. And the moderation of Miss Ansell in aiming to land only one man apparently touched a responsive chord, for no girl advised a more ambitious effort.

"The trouble is that the right kind of men are scarce," complained Jessie Braynes. "There are twelve men working in this place, and only one in the lot that I'd have."

"And what's more—" she added as an afterthought. "Then she stopped, slightly confused."

"You'd never dare."

"He'd just shrivel you up."

"I bet he'd take it just as a matter of course and say yes."

"He'd lecture you like a fond mother."

From these ejaculations it may be gathered that the other girls had a settled idea as to the identity of the male individual whom Jessie Braynes visualized when she slightly colored as she spoke her unfinished sentence, "and what's more."

No name was spoken by the little crowd. There was no occasion for it, because every girl knew that George Cammsard was the one eligible. He was in charge of the mail order department of the firm and his duties brought him in close touch with the different salesladies.

He had been looking after the wants of the country customers of Grey & Grey for the past five years, and had seen many girls come and go, and some of them come back. But it was not on record that he had ever exerted himself in the slightest to create a favorable impression among the members of the fair sex.

There was a tradition that he had once been on the point of commenting on the fact that his private stenographer was wearing a new dress, but he had checked himself almost before the first words had passed his lips, and his views on that dress remained his own.

Cammsard was an ordinary man in appearance. He did not have one distinguishing feature that bespoke individuality. As a mail order manager he did his work well, without being in any way a brilliant success. If he excelled in anything, it was in his diplomatic re-arrangement of difficult store problems. His advice was never proffered, and it was never withheld when sought.

Somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five, without a known vice or an oppression of virtues, of a complacent disposition, and reputed to be worth a few thousand dollars, Cammsard was not to be considered a negligible quantity by Grey & Grey's salesladies.

It was Leap Year. The girls considered very seriously the wisdom of the suggestion thrown out as to her intentions by Miss Braynes. Sandry wise nodes became the straws that showed the current in which their thoughts were drifting.

George Cammsard, his mind immersed in the needs of the country buyers, did not look up from his order book as Jessie Braynes entered his office. He proceeded leisurely with his work until he felt he could afford to banish that particular piece of business from his attention for a moment while he heard the report brought in by one of the salesgirls. It was easier for the girl to wait than for him to recommence his treading.

The lifting of his eyes from the order book intimated to Miss Brynnes that Cammsard was ready. She gave him the information that the shade of silk needed by an outside customer could be supplied in any quantity.

"Good," remarked Cammsard, as he turned his attention once again to his book. It was a very ordinary business transaction.

"There's something else, Mr. Cammsard."

The intonation made Cammsard look up quickly. The "something else" suggested in such a tone could hardly refer to business.

"Yes?" he queried.

"This is Leap Year, you know, Mr. Cammsard."

"Four into nineteen—four and carry three—into thirty—one and carry three—into thirty-two—eight even. Yes," assented the practical man, "this is Leap Year. This is also Tuesday, and the sixteenth day of the month. Tomorrow will be Wednesday and yesterday was Monday. Other obvious remarks I might make will probably occur to you when you regain your composure, Miss Brynnes. By the way, why this sudden desire on your part to inform me that this was Leap Year? Were you—"

Miss Brynnes, tell-tale blushes spreading over her pink and white cheeks, attempted to frame a negative answer. Now that she was face to face with the situation she had rehearsed so many times, she was helpless. Conflicting emotions urged her to admit and pressed her to deny the impecuniation. Her feminine intuition whispered that she must deny that she ever, ever intended to propose to him, and that he mustn't think of such a thing, please. But on the other hand stern reason pointed out that Cammsard had accepted the situation exactly as she had foreseen. Had he parried her introductory remark concerning Leap Year, or directly expressed his opinion of a woman who proposed to a man because of the presumed privilege, she might have had some excuse for being at a loss for words. But she had anticipated that he would make some ordinary remark to the effect that Leap Years were necessary for the scientific arrangement of the calendar, and she had prepared a touching

little follow-up speech. She recalled every word even as she stood there, and in a sub-conscious way her proposal leapt itself in the foreground as she wrestled with the voices that urged, one to Cammsard and the other to the door.

It was not an effective proposal that she had so carefully prepared. She had studied Cammsard and had come to the conclusion that a direct business appeal would more likely meet with his favor. She would not make the mistake of learning by heart one of the "silent silvery moon" declarations of love she had frequently read—and with delight—in the last chapters of her favorite novels. No! She would say to the mail order manager:

"Leap Year confers upon woman a privilege founded on a very ancient custom. I really believe that I understand you well enough, Mr. Cammsard, to know that you will not despise me for taking advantage of this privilege, even if the suggestion I make does not meet with your approval. I believe that you would be happier if you were married, Mr. Cammsard, and I am willing to make you happy."

No suggestion of devotion, no mention of love, no reference to his lonely state—nothing but a practical statement of fact. She had felt that Cammsard could not but be in sympathy with such a direct presentation of an important case.

But, somehow, now that she was face to face with the man, the training of centuries handed down to her by her mothers would not permit her to proceed. At the supreme moment she was not sure that she wished to proceed.

She was only conscious of one thing, and that was that she had remained silent for a long time, and that Cammsard stood watching her with an expressionless face.

Her gaze fell on the sample of silk she held in her hand and a sequence of ideas flashed through her brain as she saw that it was green. It would give her time to recover her composure, anyway.

"I was about to remark," she said, "that this is the shade of green silk that is known as 'Bachelor's choice' during Leap Years. We have quite a lot of it in stock; I was wondering if it would sell well in 1912."

In the cadences of the laugh with which she finished this sally she seemed to hear the hidden question. "What would you do?"

"There is always a good demand for this shade—among the country buyers."

There was something in the inflection of the last three words that dashed the hopes of Jessie Brynnes to the ground. She understood quite plainly that whatever might be done during Leap Year in the rural district, it was not considered proper, in Mr. Cammsard's opinion, for a city girl to take the first step towards a marriage proposal. She left the room, thankful that she could still face the mail order manager with a dignity she had almost lost.

As she closed the door a quiet smile spread over Cammsard's face. "Number two; more to follow," was his comment.

He was right in his surmise. More followed. Miss Anstell broached the subject the same afternoon, but she failed to make any headway against the diplomatic barrier of Cammsard's replies to her advances. She recognized that she lacked the finesse necessary to bring the interview to a successful conclusion and she retired, if not with glory, at least with honor.

One after the other the salesladies came. Sometimes a few days elapsed without one of the girls making a halting attempt to lead the mail order manager into a state of mind when he would be in a receptive mood for a proposal of marriage, but he was adamant. Not one of the girls got beyond the mark set by Jessie Brynnes.

Somehow the secret advances of the girls became known to each other. First it was whispered by one dear friend to her best chum. Then they exchanged secrets, and finally every one on the selling staff knew how badly matters were progressing. It became a matter of sex pride. Should one man defy the efforts of many eligible girls? Never!

Because her chance remark had started the campaign aimed at Cammsard's celibacy, Miss Anstell declared that she would consider it a personal affront if not one of the girls could make him listen to a proposal.

"Somebody's just got to hurt out the question, that's all there is to it," she re-

marked, "he can't avoid answering when one of us says 'Will you marry me?'"

"Then you ask the question," chorused several voices.

"I'll do it," she answered with emphasis. "I'll go in right now, when I feel like it."

Three minutes later Miss Anstell stepped out of Cammsard's office. She held her head very high and her face bore no evidence of great joy.

She explained the interview in a few words.

"I went right to the point and said to him: 'Mr. Cammsard, I would like you to marry me.'"

"He looked up without being the least bit surprised and said in his quiet way. 'Certainly, Miss Anstell. As I am a justice of the peace in this state, I am empowered to unite two persons in wedlock. Make your arrangements with the bridegroom and let me know on what date you will require my services.'"

"Oh, it isn't so funny as all that," she went on, checking a spreading smile. "What could I do? I just said 'Thank you' and came away."

"He's too smart for any one of us, but I've got another scheme that's bound to work. Let's wait on him in a body and present our request in writing. Then he can't avoid giving an answer."

The next few days were interesting ones for the salesladies. They had no precedent to guide them in the preparation of their composite marriage proposal, and because of the delicate nature of the negotiations they were not inclined to seek assistance outside of their number. Finally the document was drawn up to the general satisfaction and the date fixed for its presentation. Appropriately enough, the twenty-ninth of February was the day selected. It was the weekly early closing day.

"Whereas," read the unusual document; "whereas, the salesladies of this establishment have decided that Mr. George Cammsard is a gentleman who would make an exemplary husband, and whereas we are all willing that one of us (names attached) should become Mrs. Cammsard, and whereas it is woman's privilege to propose during a Leap Year.

"Therefore, we have resolved to ask Mr. Cammsard to make choice of a bride from among our number."

The signatures of the girls followed. They all acknowledged that the petition didn't read quite right at the finish, but they had been unable to agree on the termination, some insisting on the words "And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray," while others were equally strong in favor of "In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals." Unable to agree on the correct ending, the difficulty had been solved by omitting it.

The manner of presentation was carefully arranged. The girls were to troop into Cammsard's office in a body, and without a word place the paper before him. The remainder of the program would depend wholly on the manner in which the mail order manager accepted the situation. It was all very simple.

At the appointed time the salesladies advanced on Cammsard's office. Jessie Braynes led the group, with Miss Ansell in second place. The others crowded behind.

A gentle knock at the door brought the reply "Come in."

The girls entered—eleven of them. In their self-consciousness they failed to notice that Cammsard was not alone, until it was too late to retreat. There was a lady sitting in the manager's chair—a lady the girls had never seen.

Miss Braynes broke the awkward silence.

"We thought you were alone, Mr. Cammsard."

She felt she could never place the petition on the desk in front of the strange lady. It would be too awful.

Two of the girls slipped out of the room, closing the door. The others could not escape without creating a scene. They waited for Cammsard to speak. Somehow they felt that he would straighten out the tangle and permit them to retire

without cheapening themselves in the eyes of the stranger.

In his usual calm manner Cammsard addressed the girls as he might have done had these docents on his office been mates of daily routine.

"Ladies, permit me to introduce to you my wife, Eda, these are some of our salesladies."

Wife! His wife.

Mrs. Cammsard bowed and smiled genially to the group. The group returned the salutation in an amazed manner, gazing at Mrs. Cammsard as one might gaze on some prehistoric animal. There was nothing in the appearance of the lady to warrant this strange surprise. It was not Mrs. Cammsard that amazed the girls, it was the fact that she existed.

More than ever they realized the necessity for quick retreat. Jessie Braynes' feet saw a way out.

"We came to congratulate you on your marriage, Mr. Cammsard."

"Thank you," replied that gentleman. And his face remained impassive even when his surprised wife volunteered the information:

"Congratulations! But we were married four years ago."

"Ours was a Leap Year marriage," supplemented Cammsard. "The present Mrs. Cammsard proposed in January and we were married on February 29. I would strongly advise you ladies to follow her excellent example."

Mrs. Cammsard later declared that those were the most extraordinary young women she had ever seen. She could not understand why they should be so strangely and so voraciously agitated over a four-year-old marriage announcement.

Had Mr. Cammsard shown her a signed document he found on the floor after the girls had left the room, she might have understood. But he was a wise man and a diplomat, and he loved peace and quietness in the bosom of his family.

A GREAT TIMBER KING

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF JOHN R. BOOTH,
THE MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

By JOHN MacCORMAC

THE recent movement for reciprocity with United States, both as a cause and a fulcrum upon which to lever a party's hope into the fullness of power, was a failure. September 21st decided that. But ineffectual as it proved as a movement and decisive as was its defeat, it yet performed a peculiar service for Canada as a leavening of men and a sifting medium to bring to the top the more vital human atoms in the cosmic mass. It was a time for big men and not merely big politicians. It was a time which showed Canada its leaders.

Of all those whom reciprocity brought to the front probably there was no more unique a personality than that of John R. Booth, of Ottawa, emperor of the woods, monarch of the Upper Ottawa, a lumberjack who rode logs and lived to ride in his private car, a financier who commenced his career with nine dollars, and ended it a multimillionaire, a laborer who learned to own railroads by helping to build them. This is the story of Booth, and it is worth the hearing now for its subject is a lumber monarch, and the day for such in Canada is passing. This is the day of the trust and the combination, that sees the gradual vanishing of the old, picturesque figures who carved their fortunes out of the virgin soil and the substitution of an oligarchy of wealth. The age of the pioneer is slowly receding from the shores of the present, leaving giant industries, long lines of steel and thousands of miles of cleared land as its monuments.

TRULY A TIMBER KING.

John R. Booth is truly a timber king. A forest dominion of more than four thousand square miles is his. In Ontario,

north into Quebec and to Burlington, in Vermont State, its boundaries extend. Straining horses guided by teamsters whose payroll is initiated J. R. Booth, draw Booth logs to Booth mills from where, shaped by whirling saws, they are shipped over a railroad built and formerly owned by the same great master-mind which controls all. In the industrial and financial world the name Booth is one to conjure with. The leaves of that same huge forest domain whither it, it rings in the keen biting axes or in the sibilant screech of the hungry saws. Thousands of logs form it in manifold patterns on the surface of the Ottawa, while factory chimneys build it, in fantastic letters of wreathed smoke against the sky.

A king, in fact, is J. R. Booth, but a king without a court. He is both an absolute monarch and an absolute democrat. Owner of millions he habitually wears, if the weather be cool, a short, black coat that bears signs of intimate acquaintance with sun and rain and a dark fur cap or a suit of the same indefinitely dusky shade if it blows mild. If you seek him in business hours you will, like as not, find him in overalls. That is if you find him at all, for J. R. Booth is not an office man. He did not make his money polishing a hardwood chair nor does he find the operation necessary to keep it. Indoor affairs he leaves to his sons or trusts to members of his office executive; outdoor ones, even in their smallest details, he himself superintends. He rose early and worked late away back in the fifties when Ottawa was not even thought of as the Capital city. Sixty years later, though the frosts of over four score winters have silvered his brow, he does the same thing

—up every morning at six o'clock, retiring at ten at night and putting in from twelve to fourteen hours of solid labor each day.

Short of stature and slightly stooped is Mr. Booth, as present generations know him. White hair and beard frame a square, granite face, tanned by exposure and in which two bright blue eyes glitter keenly but not coldly. Of late years rather sparing in speech he has indulged in few reminiscences and given no autobiographies of his ascent up the rough hewn path of fortune. Interviewers who penetrate into the inner Booth sanctum and from there, directed by townsmen and waterboys, pack their way between piles of lumber or over heaps of sawdust to the short, sturdy figure, clad in rusty overalls and engaged in active superintendence of some construction process, generally retrace their steps carrying away perhaps a mental but not a pen picture of why J. R. Booth, the one time lumberjack, has become a multimillionaire.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE MAN.

BUT volunteers are not wanting who tell the early history of Booth. Of North of Ireland stock he came, six brothers of the one family who left their native land for Sheffield county, in Eastern Quebec. Where they settled afterwards arose the village of Waterloo. In a small stone house less than half a mile away John R. Booth first saw the light of day and in Waterloo at this writing there are still many descendants of the race of Booth.

The early life of Mr. Booth was as that of many another farmer's son in the '30's. He chopped wood, drew water. He worked. Educational facilities in Waterloo were of the poorest, and poor as they were young Booth had little time to avail himself of them. In summer when there was much to be done he worked at home. In winter he worked at home, only it was then euphemistically called "doing chores," and went to school. The net result of both was that he acquired the rudiments of an education and a hearty distaste for work that led to nothing. Young Booth liked to handle tools and frequently the people of his native place saw him gravely observing the workings of little wooden mills, manufactured by his own hands and merrily turned by the waters of a

rivulet near his father's farm. Did the child perhaps in fancy dimly see the miniature realities replaced by huge turbines, did he substitute the Chaudière's roaring kettle, foaming down between its walls of living rock on the Ottawa, for the parling current of the rivulet? Only J. R. Booth knew and J. R. Booth never said. But when the child that was become the man of twenty-one he left the farm.

STARTED WITH NINE DOLLARS.

"I can make more money elsewhere," he said, and that his neighbors deemed him foolish and spoke their thoughts troubled him not a whit. He saw the futility of the narrow round of toil, he knew that fortunes were to be and were being made and he felt he had the ability to make one. "I am going," he said, and he went. But not alone, for he took with him the wife of his choice and not unprovided, for he had a working capital of exactly nine dollars when he left his father's home to tempt fortune.

With his newly married wife, his working capital of nine dollars, some acquaintance and much ability with tools and an elastic capacity for work J. R. Booth went to Vermont and sought employment as a carpenter. For three years he was in the employ of the Central Vermont. He helped to build bridges and when they were finished he started on others. Needless to say the work he did was good work; he never turned out any other kind. It is doubtful if he ever could. But after three years of building bridges he was still building bridges and his working capital had not materially increased. He held a meeting of a committee of one and decided to quit it.

With added experience but none of the goods of this world J. R. Booth, having decided that helping to build bridges was not profitable, went to Ottawa. Still in his mind was the determination to do something, to be somebody. He intended to accumulate a fortune and that he had not yet accumulated even an appreciable fraction of it troubled him no more than the freely volunteered opinions of his neighbors when he left home. It was in the year 1852. Ottawa had not answered to the name Boston for some five odd years and was beginning to visualize itself

as the future capital. But as a city it lacked size. It had a few industries and had scarcely ceased to think the Rideau canal the greatest feat of engineering ever performed. On the Hull side of the Ottawa river conditions were much the same, but things were rather busier. Lumbering

mills for Perley and Pattee and Philip Thompson, as yet undreaming of the day when the short, sturdy man whose keen blue eye roamed over his foaming expanse should tame it to his purpose. It seemed to be trying to terrify, deafen and dazzle him by its vast volume of gleaming water



JOHN R. BOOTH.

was being carried on though as yet on no great scale. E. B. Eddy had started in business and Levi Young and the Bronsons were cutting timber and laying the foundations of great fortunes. The Chaudière contemptuously turned two small

and the formidable clamor arising from its whirling gulf as it precipitated itself with incessant roaring over its vast rampart of rock. But to the mind of J. R. Booth there was suggested an analogy between the spectacle before him and the

little rivallet that used to turn his whistled watersheels in the old days back on the farm. He sought work in Hull.

BRANCHING INTO BUSINESS.

The first job the future timber king secured was in a Hull machine shop, where he put a few finishing touches to his knowledge of tools. He helped build a sawmill and was appointed manager of it for a year. His first business venture followed shortly after and took the form of a machine shop which was, however, destroyed by fire after eight months. He next bought a mill and began to do business in it, installing two shingle machines. At the expiry of the first year the proprietor wished to double the rent. Mr. Booth said "No." He quit the mill and went to Ottawa. There, on the site of the huge structures he was afterwards to build, he found another sawmill, lying idle. The young millwright secured a lease of it for ten years and started on a small scale with a single saw. His first encouragement came in the shape of a contract for furnishing lumber for the Parliament buildings. Ottawa had in 1855 been chosen as the capital and a legislative home was needed. The contract was awarded in competition with other bidders; Booth secured it and worked it out at a substantial profit. After three years' occupancy he purchased the sawmill. This was in 1860.

The name of Booth was now beginning to be heard. It stood for enterprise if not yet for great accomplishment. Its bearer was, for one thing, the first lumberman on the Ottawa to use horses in his timber operations. It was in connection with the parliament buildings contract and is by no means the least of the interesting stories woven into the fabric of that structure. Hitherto lumbermen had used oxen to haul their timber to the water and they regarded young Booth's actions as not merely original but foolish. To make matters worse a gang of longshoremen from Montreal formed the crew with which this drier of foolish things got his lumber out. Horses instead of oxen, sailors instead of lumberjacks! Why the mere combination proved the man crazy! And yet even as a medium for getting out logs are now but a memory of the past, while the modern river cruiser, if he is

not exactly a sailor, at least combines many of the qualities that distinguish the navigator of deeper waters.

BUYING HIS FIRST TIMBER LIMIT.

Just about this time Mr. Booth had a large stock of lumber on hand and a brisk demand springing up, he sold all he had. This gave him a good start. The bridge carpenter who had come to Ottawa ten years before with nine dollars now owned a mill and had rather more than nine dollars to his name. But he had a greater asset still—his credit. That was good and when several tracts of timber along the Ottawa, part of the estate of John Egou, were offered for sale the Bank of British North America, with whom Booth had been doing a small business, advanced him what he asked for. With this he secured a large limit at \$45,000, a fraction of its value, having previously sent his cousin, Robert, up the Madawaska to look it over. Robert Booth reported that it was worth many times the price it would likely command and thus J. R. Booth made his first big purchase much as he made his succeeding ones, after first finding out that it was worth buying.

The lumber operator's next step was to increase the capacity of his mill by putting in two gang saws. He used all that he had made and all he could get credit for in buying more timber limits, running largely into debt to do so. Time proved it a far-sighted policy. Fifty years later he was owner of more pine timber land than any other one person in the Dominion.

Frequently Mr. Booth found it necessary to add to his mill plant, and in 1892 he had 13 band saws and four gates in operation, with a capacity of more than one million feet in ten hours. In the month of May, 1894, this plant was destroyed by fire, entailing a serious loss to its owner and the citizens of Ottawa and Hull. Shortly afterwards he purchased an old mill adjoining the burned one and fitted it up with improved machinery. It is the largest lumber mill in the world, employs 1,600 men and runs day and night for seven months in the year. During the winter the force is reduced by half in the mills, the old 600 men going to the woods to help get out the logs. J. R. Booth's large trade with United States is

supplied in great part through the mill and sorting yard at Burlington, Vt., and the sales office in Boston. He is the only Canadian lumber man who manufactures his own lumber in his own United States mill. It was in 1875 he built it. It has grown to include extensive lumber yards and woodworking factories covering an area of forty acres, with a box factory that

which destroyed the largest lumber mill in the world, was followed by the further disastrous conflagrations of 1900 and 1903 in which Mr. Booth lost millions of feet of lumber. Their effect, however, was not one of discouragement. The man of ordinary calibre might have followed such a reverse by a policy of retrenchment, but the Booth calibre was not of the ordinary



BOOTH LUMBER YARDS AT THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, OTTAWA, THE SCENE OF THE PRESENT DAY ACTIVITIES OF THE LUMBER KING.

consumes from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet of lumber annually. It is, take it altogether, a large establishment even for the United States though not so large as the one in Ottawa. It is also an evidence of the largeness of conception that was J. R. Booth's; he knew neither international limits nor natural boundaries.

If Mr. Booth's career was a record of success it was assuredly success in spite of obstacles. The great Ottawa fire of 1893,

gauge; he replaced his lumber piles and added a pulp and paper mill to his establishment, a mill capable of turning out daily some 80 tons of ground pulp. The fire of 1900 swept over the magnificent mansion of stone which he had built in Ottawa and left it a ruin of grey, bare walls. J. R. Booth built another. Through all his reverses he never asked any man or any government for financial assistance in any shape or form, neither

did he enjoy such boons as tax exemptions or other concessions. When his planing mills in Burlington were destroyed in another baptism of flame he was offered ten years' exemption from taxation by the council of that town who did not wish to lose an important industry. They asked Mr. Booth to rebuild the mill and held out the exemption as an inducement. The mill was built but the inducement was refused. Mr. Booth was not looking for municipal favors.

IN THE RAILWAY REALM.

Although J. R. Booth will be chiefly remembered as a lumberman, for that he still is, in railroad circles his name will long remain a living thing. He railroaded just as he lumbered, on a large scale. His early experience had brought with it a practical training for both, a training to which he added the indomitable quality of his own personality. The result, in either case, spelt success.

It could scarcely be said of Booth that he went into railroadings as wholeheartedly as he did of his own accord. He had always conceived himself a lumberman and had shaped his fortunes to fit that conception. He first became interested in the Canada Atlantic railway more as an accommodation for its first founders than with any very definite idea in view. Governor Smith of Vermont and a number of capitalists had commenced the construction of the Canada Atlantic and had floundered into financial sinkholes in the process. They asked Booth for a helping hand. J. R. extended one hand only to find that the job needed two and an active brain to direct them. He must either lose what he had advanced as a loan or figuratively roll up his sleeves and get to work. Of course he did the latter. And the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound, now part of the great G. T. R. system, stand as a monument to what J. R. Booth could do when he rolled up his sleeves.

When the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound roads had been completed the Booth system of railways covered about 400 miles of main line and 100 miles of sidings. A vast new country was opened up by the Parry Sound line, great elevator and terminal facilities were built at Depot Harbor and the foundation was laid for the immense grain carrying trade that in

turn furnished the major portion of the traffic of the railway itself. J. R. Booth not merely constructed, he created. True, he had no competition, but that was because there was at the time little to compete for. He had first to build his road and then develop the trade that was to furnish business for it. He built elevators, purchased steamships and bought wheat. The C. A. R., at first destined merely to be a feeder for the Central Vermont, became a self containing system of its own. Built in 1875 and followed in 1892 by the Parry Sound it was pre-eminently a freight carrying road, the line from Golden Lake to Depot Harbor running through a sparsely settled but densely wooded tract of country. Its passenger trade was therefore light, but as the medium of transit for much of the western grain and lumber its freight carrying capacity was taxed to the utmost. At the time of its purchase by the G. T. R. the Booth system handled annually over 200,000 tons of flour and package freight and 20,000,000 bushels of grain. By its construction the distance between Montreal and Chicago was shortened by over 800 miles and the distance between the latter point and Liverpool by 450 miles.

The excellence of the road and its equipment and the splendid facilities it offered as an outlet for western business were naturally not overlooked by the existing large railroad systems and rumors of sale were frequent. The line was sold by Levesque to the Grand Trunk, the Grand Trunk Pacific, to the Canadian Government to become a part of the Intercolonial, a dozen times each. The Conservative opposition scheme, opposed to the government plan, was to buy the Canada Atlantic, join it to the Intercolonial and give a part land, part water service to meet the West's growing demand for transportation. The Canadian Northern also wanted it as an outlet for its business in the West. Seward Webb of New York, representing a number of other American capitalists, proposed to buy it and even secured an option for which he paid down \$250,000. In 1904, when the road was finally sold to the G. T. R., Webb sued for his \$250,000 and \$2,000,000 damages. He secured neither and J. R. Booth, who chalked up \$14,000,000 to his credit when the G. T. R. bought his road, had Seward

Webb's quarter million for an additional nest egg.

Since the Grand Trunk bought out his interests in 1904 J. R. has taken no active interest in railway affairs except when something has gone wrong with the cars that carry the logs from his yard at the Chaudiere in Ottawa. That has happened but seldom and never for very long, not even during the Grand Trunk strike of a year ago, for there is but little use making excuses about the present and past performances of a railroad which your listener not only built, but knew all about before you were born.

IS NOT A POLITICIAN.

J. R. Booth is not a politician. He has been too busy and perhaps too wise to seek to sustain such a role. On very few occasions has his voice been raised in the political arena but never without effect. He broke the silence of years some few months ago with a denunciation of reciprocity with the United States. J. R. was not a politician but neither, in his scheme of things, was reciprocity politics. It was business and he was a business man. It was going to be a bad business too, so he told his workmen from woodpile tops for a few days preceding election; bad for them and bad for Canada. No fine flowers of oratory in these woodpile speeches, no rhetorical formalities but words, simple, direct, practical words of two and even one syllable that might not be believed but could not be understood. As it happened they were both be-

lieved and understood. Perhaps because J. R. Booth was not a politician.

HIS METHODS OF PHILANTHROPY.

Neither is the millionaire lumber king a philanthropist in the sense that John D. Rockefeller or the laird of Skibo are philanthropists. This does not mean that he gives not to the needy, but it does imply that his benefactions have secured him no contracts for free advertising in the daily press. His charities have gone deeper than the mere signing of checks and found their records in the unspoken thought rather than in the written word. The mill employes of the Ottawa valley could have told of the nature of the Booth charity, of a voluntary reduction in the length of the working day of his employes that was in time adopted as the standard all through Eastern Ontario by mill men.

It is told of Booth, the one time laborer, that he came to entertain a king. If you asked George V. of England about it he might put aside the things of royalty for a little space to tell of how he once rode madly, tasting the copper-taste of excitement the while, through the lumber slides at Ottawa on a crib of squared timber, the guest of J. R. Booth and other Ottawa lumbermen. And of a dinner of pork and beans that followed and was partaken of in a log shanty built at Rockcliffe for the occasion and still known as the Royal shanty, he might have told. It was the meeting of two men, one of whom heredity had divinely appointed King of England and the other a timber king, appointed by himself.



DEPOT HARBOR, ONTARIO, A TERMINAL OF THE PARRY SOUND RAILWAY, BUILT AND OWNED BY BOOTH. AS SUCH IS ONE OF THE LARGEST OPERATED BY THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE SMOKE BELLEW SERIES

TALE FOUR: "SHORTY DREAMS." THE STORY OF A BIG CLEAN-UP
WITH A WARPED WHEEL AND A QUICK EYE

By JACK LONDON

I.

"FUNNY you don't gamble none," Shorty said to Smoke one night in the Elkhorn. "Ain't it in your blood?"

"It is," Smoke answered. "But the statistics are in my head. I like an even break for my money."

All about them, in the huge bar-room, arose the click and rattle and rumble of a dozen games, at which fur-cled, moccasin-ed men tried their luck. Smoke waved his hand to include them all.

"Look at them," he said. "It's cold mathematics that they will lose more than they win to-night, that the big proportion is losing right now."

"You're sure strong on figures," Shorty murmured admiringly. "An' in the main you're right. But they's such a thing as facts. An' one fact is streaks of luck. They's times when every geezer playin' wins, as I know, for I've sat in such games an' saw more'n one bank busted. The only way to win at gambles is wait for a hunch that you've got a lucky streak comin' and then to play it to the roof."

"It sounds simple," Smoke criticised—"so simple I can't see how men can lose." "The trouble is," Shorty admitted, "that most men gets fooled on their hunches. On occasion I sure get fooled on mine. The thing is to try, an' find out."

Smoke shook his head. "That's a statistic, too, Shorty. Most men prove wrong on their hunches."

"But don't you ever get one of them streaky feelin's that all you got to do is put your money down an' pick a winner?"

Smoke laughed.

"I'm too scared of the percentage against me. But I'll tell you what, Shorty; I'll throw a dollar on the 'high card' right now and see if it will buy us a drink."

Smoke was edging his way in to the faro table, when Shorty caught his arm.

"Hold on. I'm gettin' one of them hunches now. You put that dollar on roulette."

They went over to a roulette table near the bar.

"Wait till I give the word," Shorty counselled.

"What number?" Smoke asked.

"Pick it yourself. But wait till I say let her go."

"You don't mean to say I've got an even chance on that table?" Smoke argued.

"As good as the next geezer."

"But not as good as the bank's."

"Wait and see," Shorty urged. "Now! Let her go!"

The game-keeper had just sent the little ivory ball whirling around the smooth rim above the revolving, many-rotted wheel. Smoke, at the lower end of the table, reached over a player, and blindly tossed the dollar. It slid along the smooth, green cloth and stopped fairly in the center of "34."

The ball came to rest and the game-keeper announced, "thirty-four wins!" He swept the table, and alongside of Smoke's dollar, stacked thirty-five dollars. Smoke drew the money in, and Shorty slapped him on the shoulder.

"Now, that was the real goods of a hunch, Smoke! How'd I know it? There's no tellin'. I just knew you'd win. Whv, if that dollar of yours 'd fell on any other number it 'd won just the

same. When the hunch is right, you just can't help winnin'."

"Suppose it had come 'double nought'?" Smoke queried, as they made their way to the bar.

"Then your dollar 'd ben on 'double nought,' was Shorty's answer. "They's no gettin' away from it. A hunch is a hunch. Here's how. Come on back to the table. I got a hunch, after pickin' you a winner, that I can pick some few numbers myself."

"Are you playin' a system?" Smoke asked, at the end of ten minutes, when his partner had dropped a hundred dollars.

Shorty shook his head indignantly, as he spread his chips out in the vicinities of "3," "11," and "17," and tossed a spare chip on the "green."

"Hell is sure cluttered with geezers that played systems," he exposted, as the keeper raked the table.

From idly watching, Smoke became fascinated, following closely every detail of the game from the whirling of the ball to the making and the paying of the bets. He made no plays, however, merely contenting himself with looking on. Yet so interested was he, that Shorty, announcing that he had had enough, with difficulty drew Smoke away from the table.

The game-keeper returned Shorty the gold sack he had deposited as a credential for playing and with it went a slip of paper on which was scribbled, "Out—\$350.00." Shorty carried the sack and the paper across the room and handed them to the weigher, who sat behind a large pair of gold-scales. Out of Shorty's sack he weighed \$350.00, which he poured into the coffer of the house.

"That hunch of yours was another one of those statistics," Smoke jeered.

"I had to play it, didn't I, in order to find out?" Shorty retorted. "I reckon I was crowdin' some just on account of tryin' to convince you they's such a thing as hunches."

"Never mind, Shorty," Smoke laughed. "I've got a hunch right now—"

Shorty's eyes sparkled as he cried eagerly:

"What is it? Kiek in an' play it, pronto."

"It's not that kind, Shorty. Now what I've got is a hunch that some day I'll

work out a system that will beat the spots off that table."

"System!" Shorty growled, then surveyed his partner with a vast pity. "Smoke, listen to your side-kicker an' leave system alone. Systems is sure losers. They ain't no hunches in systems."

"That's why I like them," Smoke answered. "A system is statistical. When you got the right system you can't lose, and that's the difference between it and a hunch. You never know when the right hunch is going wrong."

"But I know a lot of systems that went wrong, an' I never seen a system win." Shorty paused and sighed. "Look here, Smoke, if you're gettin' cracked on systems this ain't no place for you, an' it's about time we hit the trail again."

II.

During the several following weeks, the two partners played at cross purposes. Smoke was bent on spending his time watching the roulette game in the Elkhorn, while Shorty was equally bent on traveling trail. At last Smoke put his foot down when a stampede was proposed for two hundred miles down the Yukon.

"Look here, Shorty," he said, "I'm not going. That trip will take ten days, and before that time I hope to have my system in proper working order. I could almost win with it now. What are you draggin' me around the country this way for anyway?"

"Smoke, I got to take care of you," was Shorty's reply. "You're gettin' nutty. I'd give you stampedin' to *Sherbro* or the North Pole if I could keep you away from that table."

"It's all right, Shorty. But just remember I've reached full man-grown, meat-eatin' size. The only draggin' you'll do will be dragging home the dust I'm going to win with that system of mine, and you'll most likely have to do it with a dog team."

Shorty's response was a groan.

"And I don't want you to be bucking any game on your own," Smoke went on.

"We're going to divide the winnings, and I'll need all our money to get started. That system's young yet, and it's liable to trip me for a few falls before I get it lined up."

III.

At last, after long hours and days spent at watching the table, the night came when Smoke proclaimed he was ready, and Shorty, glum and pessimistic, with all the seeming of one attending a funeral, accompanied his partner to the Elkhorn. Smoke bought a stack of chips and stationed himself at the game-keeper's end of the table. Again and again the ball was whirled and the other players won or lost, but Smoke did not venture a chip. Shorty waxed impatient.

"Back in, back in," he urged. Let's get this funeral over. What's the matter? Got cold feet?"

Smoke shook his head and waited. A dozen plays went by, and then, suddenly, he placed ten one-dollar chips on "26." The number won and the keeper paid Smoke three hundred and fifty dollars. A dozen plays went by, twenty plays and thirty, when Smoke placed ten dollars on "32." Again he received three hundred and fifty dollars.

"It's a hunch!" Shorty whispered vociferously in his ear. "Ride it! Ride it!"

Half an hour went by, during which Smoke was inactive, then he placed ten dollars on "34" and won.

"A hunch!" Shorty whispered. "Nothing of the sort," Smoke whispered back. "It's the system. Isn't she a dandy!"

"You can't tell me," Shorty contended. "Hunches comes in mighty funny ways. You might think it's a system, but it ain't. Systems is impossible. They can't happen. It's a sure hunch you're playin'."

Smoke now altered his play. He bet more frequently, with single chips, scattered here and there, and he lost more often than he won.

"Quit it," Shorty advised. "Cash in. You've rung the hull's-eye three times, an' you're ahead a thousand. You can't keep it up."

At this moment the ball started whirling, and Smoke dropped ten chips on "26." The ball fell into the slot of "26," and the keeper again paid him three hundred and fifty dollars.

"If you're plum crows an' got the immortal cinch, bet 'n the limit," Shorty

said, "Put down twenty-five next time."

A quarter of an hour passed, during which Smoke won and lost on small scattering bets. Then, with the abruptness that characterized his big betting, he placed twenty-five dollars on the "double nought," and the keeper paid him eight hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"Wake me up, Smoke, I'm dreamin'," Shorty moaned.

Smoke smiled, consulted his note-book, and became absorbed in calculation. He continually drew the note-book from his pocket, and from time to time jotted down figures.

A crowd had packed densely around the table, while the players themselves were attempting to cover the same numbers he covered. It was then that a change came over his play. Ten times in succession he placed ten dollars on "18" and lost. At this stage he was deserted by the hardest. He changed his number and won another three hundred and fifty dollars. Immediately the players were back with him, deserting again after a series of losing bets.

"Quit it, Smoke, quit it," Shorty advised. "The longest string of hunches is only so long, an' your string's finished. No more hull's eyes for you."

"I'm going to ring her once again before I cash in," Smoke answered.

For a few minutes, with varying luck, he played scattering chips over the table, and then dropped twenty-five dollars on the "double nought."

"I'll take my slip now," he said to the dealer, as he won.

"Oh, you don't need to show it to me," Shorty said, as they walked to the weight. "I ben keepin' track. You're something like thirty-six hundred to the good. How near are you?"

"Thirty-six-sixty," Smoke replied. "And now you've got to pack the dust home. That was the agreement."

IV.

"Don't growl your luck," Shorty pleaded with Smoke, the next night, in the cabin, as he evidenced preparations to return to the Elkhorn. "You played a mighty long string of hunches, but you played it out. If you go back you'll sure drop all your winnings."

"But I tell you it is isn't hunches, Shorty. It's statistics. It's a system. It can't lose."

"System be damned. They ain't no such a thing as system. I made seventeen straight passes at a crap table once. Was

"Just the same, Shorty, this is a real system."

"Huh! You got to show me."

"I did show you. Come on with me now and I'll show you again."

When they entered the Elkhorn all



it system? Nope. It was fool luck, only I had cold feet an' didn't dust let it ride. If it'd rid, instead of me drawin' down after the third pass, I'd won over thirty thousand on the original two-bit piece."

eyes centred on Smoke, and those about the table made way for him as he took up his old place at the keeper's end. His play was quite unlike that of the previous night. In the course of an hour and a

half he made only four bets, but each bet was for twenty-five dollars, and each bet won. He cashed in thirty-five hundred dollars, and Shorty carried the dust home to the cabin.

"Now's the time to jump the game," Shorty advised, as he sat on the edge of his bunk and took off his moccasins. "You're seven thousand ahead. A man's a fool that'd crowd his luck harder."

"Shorty, a man would be a blithering lunatic if he didn't keep on backing a winning system like mine."

"Smoke, you're a sure bright boy. You're college-bred. You know more'n a minute than I could know in forty thousand years. But just the same you're dead wrong when you call your luck a system. I've been around some, an' seen a few, an' I tell you straight an' confidential an' all-around, a system to beat a gambler's game ain't possible."

"But I'm showing you this one. It's a pipe."

"No you're not, Smoke. It's a pipe-dream. I'm asleep. Bime by I'll wake up, an' build the fire, an' start breakfast."

"Well, my unbelieving friend, there's the dust. Heft it."

So saying, Smoke tossed the bulging gold-sack upon his partner's knees. It weighed thirty-five pounds, and Shorty was fully aware of the crash of its impact on his flesh.

"It's real," Smoke hammered his point home.

"Hah! I've saw some mighty real dreams in my time. In a dream all things is possible. In real life a system ain't possible. Now I ain't never been to college, but I'm plain justified in sayin' up this gambler's cry of ours as a sure enough dream."

"Hamilton's 'Law of Paradox,'"

Smoke laughed.

"I ain't never heard of the geezer, but his dope's sure right. I'm dreamin', Smoke, an' you're just smokin' around in my dream an' tormentin' me with systems. If you love me, if you sure do love me, you'll just yell, 'Shorty! Wake up!' An' I'll wake up an' start breakfast."

V.

The third night of play, as Smoke laid his first bet, the game-keeper shoved fifteen dollars back to him.

"Ten's all you can play," he said. "The limit's come down."

"Gettin' picky now," Shorty sneered. "No one has to play at this table that don't want to," the keeper retorted. "And I'm willing to say straight out in meeting that we'd sooner your pardner didn't play at our table."

"Scared of his system, eh?" Shorty challenged, as the keeper paid over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"I ain't saying I believe in system, because I don't. There never was a system that'd beat roulette or any percentage game. But just the same I've seen some queer strings of luck, and I ain't going to let this bank go bust if I can help it."

"Cold feet?"

"Gambling is just as much business, my friend, as any other business. We ain't philanthropists."

Night by night, Smoke continued to win. His method of play varied. Expert after expert, in the jam about the table, scribbled down his bets and numbers in vain attempts to work out his system. They complained of their inability to get a clew to start with, and swore that it was pure luck, though the most colossal streak of it they had ever seen.

It was Smoke's varied play that deflected them. Sometimes, consulting his note-book or engaging in long calculations, an hour elapsed without his staking a chip. At other times he would win three limit-bets and clean up a thousand dollars and odd in five or ten minutes. At still other times, his tactics would be to scatter single chips prodigally and amassingly over the table. This would continue for from ten to thirty minutes of play, when, abruptly, as the ball whirled through the last few of its circles, he would play the limit on column, color, and number, and win all three. Once, to complete confusion in the minds of those that strove to divine his secret, he lost forty straight bets each at the limit. But each night, play no matter how diversely, Shorty carries home thirty-five hundred dollars for him.

"It ain't no system," Shorty expounded at one of their bel-gong discussions. "I follow you, an' follow you, but they ain't no figgerin' it out. You never play twice the same. All you do is pick win-

ners when you want to, an' when you don't want to you just on purpose don't."

"Maybe you're nosier than you think, Shorty. I've just got to pick losers sometimes. It's part of the system."

"System hell! I've talked with every gambler in town, an' the last one is agreed they ain't no such thing as system."

"Yet I'm showing them one all the time."

"Look here, Smoke," Shorty paused over the candle in the act of blowing it out. "I'm real irritated. Maybe you think this is a candle. It ain't. An' this ain't me neither. I'm out on trail somewhere, in my blankets, lyin' on my back with my mouth open, an' dreamin' all this. That ain't you talkin', any more than this candle is a candle."

"It's funny, how I happen to be dreamin' along with you then," Smoke persisted.

"No it ain't. You're part of my dream, that's all. I've heard many a man talk in my dreams. I want to tell you one thing, Smoke: I'm gettin' nosier an' mad. If this here dream keeps up much more I'm goin' to hate my veins an' bow!"

VI.

On the sixth night of play at the Elk-horn, the limit was reduced to five dollars.

"It's all right," Smoke assured the game-keeper. "I want thirty-five hundred to-night, as usual, and you only compel me to play longer. I've got to pick twice as many winners, that's all."

"Why don't you buck somebody else's table?" the keeper demanded wrathfully.

"Because I like this one," Smoke glanced over to the roaring stove only a few feet away. "Besides, there are no draughts here, and it is warm and comfortable."

On the ninth night, when Shorty had carried the dust home, he had a bet.

"I quit, Smoke, I quit," he began. "I know when I got enough. I ain't dreamin'. I'm wide awake. The system can't be, but you got one just the same. There's color in the rule of three. The Almon's's clean out. The world's gone mad. There's nothin' regular an' uniform no more. The multiplication table's gone

loco. Two is eight, nine is eleven, and two-times-two is eight hundred an' forty-six—an'—an' a half. Anything is everything, an' nothing's all, an' terse all is cold cream, milk-shakes, an' calico horses. You've got a system. Figger beat the faggots. What ain't it, an' what isn't it has to be. The sun rises in the west, the moon's a paystreak, the stars is corned beef, scurvy's the blessed of God, him that dies kicks again, rocks float, water's gas, I ain't no, you're somebody else, an' maybe we're twins if we ain't, hushed-drown potatoes fried in verdigris. Wake me up! Somebody! Oh! Wake me up!"

VII.

The next morning a visitor came to the cabin. Smoke knew him, Harvey Moran, the owner of all the games in the Tivoli. There was a note of appeal in his deep druff voice as he plunged into his business.

"It's like this, Smoke," he began. "You've got us all guessing. I'm representing nine other game-owners and myself from all the saloons in town. We don't understand. We know that no system ever worked against roulette. All the mathematic sharpshins in the colleges have told us gamblers the same thing. They say that roulette itself is the system, that one and only system, and therefore that no system can beat it, for that would mean arithmetic has gone hog-wild."

Shorty nodded his head vigorously.

"If a system can beat a system," then there's no such thing as a system, the gambler went on. "In such a case anything could be possible—a thing could be in two different places at once, or two things could be in the same place that's only large enough for one at the same time."

"Well, you've seen me play," Smoke answered defiantly; "and if you think it's only a string of luck on my part, why worry?"

"That's the trouble. We can't help worrying. It's a system you've got, and all the time we know it can't be, we watch you five nights now and all I can make out is you favor certain numbers and that you keep on winning. Now the ten of us game-owners have got to

gether, and we want to make a friendly proposition. We'll put a roulette table in a back room of the Elkhorn, pool the bank against you, and have you back us. It will be all quiet and private. Just you and Shorty and us. What do you say?"

"I think it's the other way around," Smoke answered. "It's up to you to come and see me. I'll be playing in the barroom of the Elkhorn to-night. You can watch me there just as well."

VIII

That night, when Smoke took up his customary place at the table, the keeper shut down the game.

"The game's closed," he said. "Boss's orders."

But the assembled game-owners were not to be balked. In a few minutes they arranged a pool, each putting in a thousand, and took over the table.

"Come on and back us," Harvey Moran challenged, as the keeper sent the hall on its first whirl around.

"Give me the twenty-five Ensl," Smoke suggested.

"Sure; go to it."

Smoke immediately placed twenty-five chips on the "double nought," and won.

Moran wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Go on," he said. "We got ten thousand in this bank."

At the end of an hour and a half, the ten thousand was Smoke's.

"The bank's bust," the keeper announced.

"Got enough?" Smoke asked.

The game-owners looked at one another. They were used. They, the fated protégés of the laws of chance, were undone. They were up against one who had more intimate access to those laws, or who had invoked higher and undreamed laws.

"We quit," Moran said. "Ain't that right, Burke?"

Rig Burke, who owned the games in the M and G Saloon, nodded.

"The impossible has happened," he said. "This Smoke here has got a system all right. If we let him go on we'll all bust. All I can see, if we're going to keep our tables running, is to cut down the limit to a dollar, or to ten cents, or a

cent. He won't win much in a night with such stakes."

All looked at Smoke. He shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, gentlemen, I'll have to hire a gang of men to play at all your tables. I can pay them ten dollars for a four-hour shift and make money."

"Then we'll shut down our tables," Rig Burke replied. "Unless"
He hesitated and ran his eye over his fellows to see that they were with him. "Unless you're willing to talk business. What will you sell the system for?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," Smoke answered. "That's a tax of three thousand apiece."

They debated and nodded.

"And you'll tell us your system?"

"Surely."

"And you'll promise not to play roulette in Dawson ever again?"

"No, sir," Smoke said positively. "I'll promise not to play this system again."

"My God!" Moran exploded. "You haven't got other systems, have you?"

"Hold on!" Shorty cried. "I want to talk to my pardner. Come over here, Smoke, on the side."

Smoke followed into a quiet corner of the room, while hundreds of curious eyes centred on him and Shorty.

"Look here, Smoke," Shorty whispered hoarsely. "Mebbe it ain't a dream. In which case you're sellin' out almighty cheap. You're sure got the world by the back of its pants. They're millions in it. Shake it! Smoke it hard!"

"But if it's a dream?" Smoke queried softly.

"Then, for the sake of the dream an' the love of Mike tick them gamblers up good an' plenty. What's the good of dreamin' if you can't dream to the real right, dead sure, eternal finish?"

"Fortunately, this isn't a dream, Shorty."

"Then if you sell out for thirty thousand, I'll never forgive you."

"When I sell out for thirty thousand, you'll fall on my neck an' wake up at all. This is no dream, Shorty. In about two minutes you'll see you have been wide awake all the time. Let me tell you that when I sell out it's because I've got to sell out."

Back at the table, Smoke informed the game-owners that his offer still held. They proffered him their paper to the extent of three thousand each.

paper, and Shorty took possession of the gold-dust.

"Now I don't want to wake up," he chortled, as he lifted the various sacks.



"SELECTED THE HEAVIEST SACK AND CLEVERLY IT IN HIS ARMS AS IF IT WERE A BABY."

"Hold out for the dust," Shorty cautioned.

"I was about to intimate that I'd take the money weighed out," Smoke said.

The owner of the Elkhorn cashed their

"Toted up, it's a seventy thousand dream. It'd be too blamed expensive to open my eyes, roll out of the blankets, an' start lookin' at."

"What's your system?" Rig Burke de-

manded. "We've paid for it, and we want it."

Smoke led the way to the table.

"Now, gentlemen, bear with me a moment. This isn't an ordinary system. It can surely be called legitimate, but its one great virtue is that it works. I've got my suspicions, but I'm not saying anything. You watch. Mr. Keeper, be ready with the ball. Wait I am going to pick '26.' Consider I've bet on it. Be ready, Mr. Keeper. . . . Now!"

The ball whirled around.

"You observe," Smoke went on, "that '9' was directly opposite."

The ball finished in "26."

Big Burke swore deep in his chest, and all waited.

"For 'double nought' to win, '11' must be opposite. Try it yourself and see."

"But the system?" Moran demanded impatiently. "We know you can pick winning numbers, and we know what those numbers are; but how do you do it?"

"By observed sequences. By accident I chanced twice to notice the ball whirled when '9' was opposite. Both times '26' won. After that I saw it happen again. Then I looked for other sequences, and found them. 'Double nought' opposite fetches '32,' and '11' fetches "double nought." It doesn't always happen, but it usually happens. You notice, I say 'usually happens. As I said before, I have my suspicions, but I'm not saying anything."

Big Burke, with a sudden dawn of comprehension reached over, stopped the wheel, and examined it carefully. The heads of the nine other game-owners bent over and joined in the examination. Big Burke straightened up and cast a glance at the near-by stove.

"Tired," he said. "It wasn't any system

at all. The table stood close to the fire, and the blasted wheel warped. And we've been worked to a frazzle. No wonder he liked this table. He couldn't have backed for sour apples at any other table."

Harvey Moran gave a great sigh of relief and wiped his forehead.

"Well, anyway," he said, "it's cheap at the price just to find out that it wasn't a system." His face began to work, and then he broke into laughter and slapped Smoke on the shoulder. "Smoke, you had us going for a while, and we putting ourselves on the back because you were letting our tables alone! Say, I've got some real fire I'll open if all you'll come over to the Tivoli with me."

Later, back in the cabin, Shorty silently overhauled and hefted the various bulging gold-locks. He finally piled them on the table, sat down on the edge of his bunk, and began taking off his moccasins.

"Seventy thousand," he calculated. "It weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. And all out of a warped wheel an' a quick eye. Smoke, you eat 'm raw, you eat 'm alive, you work under water, you've given me the jim-jams; but just the same I know it's a dream. It's only in dreams that the good things comes true. I hope I ain't mighty anxious to wake up. I hope I never wake up."

"Cheer up," Smoke answered. "You won't. There are a lot of philosophy sharps that think men are sleep-walkers. You're in good company."

Shorty got up, went to the table, selected the heaviest sack, and coddled it in his arms as if it were a baby.

"I may be sleep-walkin'," he said, "but as you say, I'm sure in mighty good company."



A BUSINESS STREET SCENE IN LETCHWORTH, A MODEL GARDEN CITY IN ENGLAND, SHOWING AN ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT IN BOULEVARDS AND TREES

THE IDEAL GARDEN CITY

AN INTERESTING STUDY IN CITY PLANNING. "GARDEN CITIES OF TO-MORROW." A SKETCH OF LETCHWORTH

By EDITH LANG

Few problems are of more vital importance to the centres of population in Canada than that of city planning. Herewith is presented an introductory article on the subject, setting forth the ideals embodied in Ebenezer Howard's book "Garden Cities of To-Morrow," and detailing the movement and success which have resulted from it. It is really the story of an ideal garden city. So interesting is the theme and so practical the scheme as worked out in Letchworth, England, that it is hoped that the subject will be given more attention in Canada than has been accorded it in the past.

SOME of us can dream dreams, we can see visions of what ought to be, we have the faith which can take hold of the invisible; others of us have the organizing ability and willingness to work: given the idea, we can give dogged, persevering toil to trying to make the ideal real; but to few is it given to combine in one personality the imaginative and the practical qualities. The person in whom

both these traits are found is a genius, and most of us can but admire genius from afar. Such a man is Mr. Ebenezer Howard; it has been said of him that "he is a dreamer of dreams, but as deadly practical as the managing director of any great business."

It was in the year 1898 that a modest, little book entitled "To-morrow" was given to the world by Mr. Howard. It was

MY ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over every one apart,
My Rosary.

—Robert Cameron Rogers.

favorably received then, but even more so when it was re-issued shortly afterwards under the more explanatory title of "Garden Cities of To-morrow." This book has revolutionized modern thought on the subject of the housing question and other problems inherent in the growth of modern cities. But Mr. Howard has done more than that. Within thirteen years of the first appearance of his book, we can see for ourselves enduring monuments to the

work with painful care. Nobody recognized more ungrudgingly than he did what had been done by social reformers and legislators to remedy these evils, but he recognized also that these remedies did not go to the root of the matter and he came to the conclusion that the cities must be relieved by operations taking place well outside of their boundaries. Gradually the garden city idea evolved itself in his brain. The congestion in the old cities must be re-



WORKINGMEN'S COTTAGES IN LETCHWORTH, RENTING FOR ABOUT 24. PER WEEK.

author's far-sighted genius as a social reformer in the model city of Letchworth, in Hertfordshire in England, and in the garden suburbs that are in process of creation in many places in the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe.

THE SCHEME AND ITS OBJECT.

A word as to Mr. Howard's scheme. He desired to remedy two great evils—the immigration of the rural population to the towns, and the serious economic and social evils resulting from the overcrowding of those towns. Mr. Howard explored the sad region of the existing state of things

lied by the establishment of new ones. This is the main theme of Mr. Howard's book.

"Purchase," he said, "a large freehold estate at its agricultural value. Plan it out carefully with due regard to present and future residential and industrial needs; make ample provision for open spaces; reserve for each inhabitant a suitable plot of garden ground and maintain all round the urban centre a wide belt of agricultural land. Attract employees of labor to the new town, and your industries may then be carried on under healthful conditions and a ready market be created for the pro-

duce of the small holdings. Above all, reserve to the new community the "unearned increment"—that additional value which accrues to land from the existence on it of a large population." This, in brief outline, is Mr. Howard's scheme. The full details may be studied in "Garden Cities of To-morrow."

ACTION FOLLOWED SPEEDILY.

People read Mr. Howard's book and two years later there were sufficient people who believed in its principles to form the Gar-

den City Association. In 1902 the Garden City Pioneer Company (with a capital of £20,000) was registered, in order to prospect for a suitable site on which a garden city might be built. A systematic hunt for a site was instituted, and an admirable one, comprising six square miles of undulating land and embodying three beautiful old-world villages, was found at Letchworth in Hertfordshire, thirty-four miles from London and about three miles

from Hitchin, an important junction of the main lines of the great Northern and Midland Railways.

The Pioneer Company was dissolved in 1903 and its shares transferred to the First Garden City, Limited, with a capital of £2,500,000. This company bought the estate, including all buildings, timber, etc., for £151,500 5s. 6d., representing about £40 an acre. A water supply had to be found, gas works erected, mains laid, new roads constructed, a station and good yards provided, farming tenancies re-arranged



ONE OF THE OLD ROADS IN THE VICINITY OF LETCHWORTH, SHOWING THE RURAL BEAUTY OF THE LOCATION.

den City Association. In 1902 the Garden City Pioneer Company (with a capital of £20,000) was registered, in order to prospect for a suitable site on which a garden city might be built. A systematic hunt for a site was instituted, and an admirable one, comprising six square miles of undulating land and embodying three beautiful old-world villages, was found at Letchworth in Hertfordshire, thirty-four miles from London and about three miles

and electric plant established so that it was well on into 1906 before the site of the new city began to assume the form of a town, and 1908 before the definite planning and facilities were complete enough to do justice to the promoters of the scheme, or to hold out any very definite "attractions to employers." It is easy to see that here was the critical point of the experiment. If Letchworth was to be successful as an independent town, it must have its indus-

tries and its working classes, and the real problem before the Garden City Company was, first to develop the factory area to suit modern requirements and then to convince manufacturers that it was to their advantage to remove their works to this "town in the country."

Hitherto, the whole tendency of factory owners has been centrifugal: the reason is obvious. In the busy industrial centres, labor of all sorts is plentiful, railway and transport facilities good, the supply of water, power and light is already in existence and a market is close to one's door. But these very advantages bring other businesses, and as an inevitable consequence, the value of land, rent, wages and cost of living all steadily increase, and in some instances the advantages enjoyed by the city factory have been bought at such a price that profits have decreased until it has become necessary to choose another site for the factory. This is already happening in London and several other large centres of industry. The ground rent of land for manufacturing purposes often amounts to £1,000 per acre per annum, and, in addition, there are rates amounting to 30 per cent. of the assessed annual value of the factory. These conditions make it prohibitive for industries requiring much space to remain near the centres of population. Some industries are sufficiently self-contained to be carried on in isolated districts, but the difficulties in so doing are often considerable. Labor is difficult to get, railway facilities are not good, a big expenditure on plant to produce power is sometimes necessary, and last, but not least, labor is difficult to import, because town people do not, as a rule, like living in the heart of the country, and, even when some are willing to move it is difficult to find housing accommodation for them.

OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES.

These difficulties are all overcome in the case of the garden city of Letchworth. Labor is cheap and plentiful, (the population has increased from 400 to 7,000 since the estate was purchased); the situation of Letchworth at a junction of the Great Northern and Midland lines gives quick and cheap transport to London, the North and the Midlands; the gas, water and elec-

tricity supplies are cheap and efficient, water costing (by meter) from 6d. per 1,000 gallons, gas from 2s. per 1,000 for power and up to 3s. for lighting, and electricity from 1d. per unit; it has not been found difficult to import labor, as the work-people find that their conditions are so much better than in the cities. They have nice cottages with some land, they and their children are healthier (the mortality of Letchworth for 1909-10 was 4.5 per 1000, as against 14 for London, 17.9 for Manchester and 19. for Liverpool) and opportunities for recreation and social intercourse are not lacking. The Garden City, too, though it does not itself build or own buildings, guarantees to manufacturers coming into the district that they shall have sufficient houses for their work people at reasonable rents.

Add to all these advantages the fundamental one that land is cheap, and so great freedom is possible in planning buildings to give the maximum of efficiency with the minimum loss of time and labor in dealing with goods. Economical, convenient and well-lit, one-storey buildings can be used and ample space can be retained for the expansion of the business. Letchworth has arranged its factory area where it is screened by a hill and a belt of trees from the working-men's residential district, so that these can be near their work and yet not see the factories while they are at home. A circular railway connecting with the main line has been laid round the factory area, and every firm can have a private siding brought into his own yard so that he can ship his goods straight from his own door.

SOLVING THE FACTORY PROBLEM.

Without doubt the First Garden City Company has done a great deal to "attract the employers of labor."

Have they succeeded in so doing?

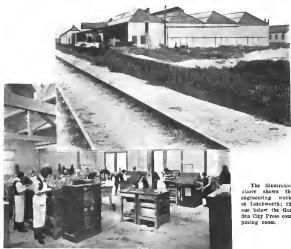
Already there are fifty factories built and working. These include a variety of industries, most of which, however have this in common, that they want plenty of space and plenty of good natural light. For instance, engineering, motor-car, mineral-water, joinery and agricultural implement industries have settled there, while many bookbinders, printers, laundries, tapestry and embroidery works enjoy the

advantage of the one storey buildings adequately lit. It is interesting to note that two American firms have also started work there, viz.: the Spiroella Corset Co., from Buffalo and the Foster Scientific Instrument makers from New York.

All the manufacturers seem well contented with the advantages gained. Several of them have written their commendations and others have given them in interviews to newspaper men.

don, as we were told that they would, and we also find that their wives like it—which is most important. They have good cottages to live in, and they do their work here better than they ever did it before. This is saying a good deal for the Garden City, and I think that any manufacturer who comes and starts his works here will be satisfied with the results."

Mr. J. M. Dent, the publisher of "Everyman's Library," drew particular at-



The illustration above shows the engineering works at Letchworth; the one below the Garden City Press composing room.

Thus, Mr. C. H. John Hornby (a partner in the well-known publishing, printing and bookbinding firm), has said: "We do not feel that any place in England would have suited us so well or given us such facilities as this place has done. We have any amount of space at a reasonable rent; we have all our factory on one floor, we have ample room for expansion, we have nice cottages for our work-people, we find that they like the place, that they do not want to go back to Lon-

don, to his monetary gain. He said: "I have five acres of ground at a rent of from £15 to £25 per acre, near to a railway siding, and can put up a one-storey building, roomy, airy, clean and light, under which condition much better work in bookbinding can be done. Anywhere near London, such a site would cost me £20,000."

If we take the capitalised value of Mr. Dent's Letchworth site to be about £2,500, it is easy to see that he has reason to be

glad that he moved and saved a matter of £17,500 on his outlay for ground alone.

AN IDEAL GARDEN CITY.

Letchworth has proved itself a success. Mr. Howard's idea has triumphed, but he is hoping to see it grow still further, and it undoubtedly will do so as manufacturers and others see its advantages. His great ambition is to see Letchworth with a population of 32,000, at which number the city will be said to be complete, and no more land will be available either for business or residential purposes. Other manufacturers wishing to set up their businesses in such ideal circumstances will have to encourage the formation of other garden cities on similar lines, and so England and other countries may become dotted about with small towns, healthy and well-planned out.

"It must not be imagined that Letchworth is a town made up entirely of well-organized factories and model workmen's cottages. These it has, but it has far more than these. It is on its way to become a complete town, with good shops, banks, and a varied residential element, which is fast developing all the social and recreative associations usually found in a self-contained town. It differs from other towns in having been planned out as a whole from its very commencement, so that roads and shops, factories and houses can be placed in situations calculated to give the best possible return in utility and beauty.

In this planning out great care has been exercised to retain all the beauty of the three old world villages, Norton, William and Letchworth, which come within its boundaries, as well as that of the existing roads and lanes with their dignified avenues of stately trees. In deciding on new roads, these have been planned with a view to their future uses. Main thoroughfares have a wider roadway, more expensively made up, but even these have wide side-walks and boulevards planted with flowers and flowering trees. Roads which are destined for residential streets, and more especially those planned for smaller property, where all the traffic to be expected is the occasional tradesman's cart, have been allowed narrower roadways, and are less expensively made up; the distance between

the house lines has to be the same, however, and the extra width is either put into the boulevards or else into the front gardens of the houses.

The Great Northern main line to Cambridge runs through the middle of the estate, and the passenger station has been built in a cutting to the west of the factory area. Between the station and the factories is the shopping district, with its seventy odd shops, its public halls, clubs and cinematograph theatre. To the south and west of the business part is the main residential district, reached and divided by a wide Broadway, which runs through an open space destined to be the town square, from which diverge twelve residential streets, which all command views of the open country and keep open a passage for fresh air to ventilate the more densely populated town part. As the city develops this square will be used for the public buildings, but great care is being taken not to put up such buildings before the needs of the town are fully known, nor to add to the expenses of planning the town until there is real need of such buildings due to the increase of population. The English town planners are trying to save that condemnation of their principles as "too expensive for ordinary life," which has been the result of the building in Germany of squares and open spaces of great beauty, but which have been undertaken without due regard for the necessity of keeping down expenses.

Another open space of great natural beauty is where the Broadway crosses Selkirkston. The roads diverging from this spot are reserved for houses with gardens of half an acre or more, and the ground rent of this district is £30 per acre.

One of the principles of the Garden City Company is to limit the number of houses which may be built to the acre. Near the centre (except in the actual business district) the number is limited to 12 per acre, and by means of economical and farseeing estate development it has proved quite possible to do this and yet build model workmen's dwellings containing a big kitchen and a scullery (in which is placed the laundry tubs and bath) a small sitting room and three bedrooms for rents from 5s. and upwards per week. The houses farther from the centre are limited



TYPICAL RESIDENTIAL ROADS AT LETCHWORTH.

to eight, four and even two to the acre, and beyond the inner circles of 1,200 acres there is to be retained for all time an agricultural belt taking up the remaining 2,618 acres of the estate. This belt is let out in farms, small holdings and even quarter-acre allotments. Here, too, are the golf links, sports fields and houses with big grounds.

The advantages of this belt of country are many. It keeps Letchworth forever "a town in the country." It prevents the lands round from being developed by land speculators and jerry builders, who would otherwise rush in to make some of the unearned increment, which would have accrued to the surrounding land by the nearness of a flourishing town. It creates a ready market for the produce of the small holdings on the one hand, and gives an abundant supply of dairy and country produce to the townspeople on the other, and, lastly, it prevents the towns from growing to the unmanageable dimensions of most industrial centres, and, by closing its doors to manufacturers anxious and willing to settle there, encourages the growth of other similar cities to the great advantage of the country at large.

Much more might be said about Letchworth. No mention has been made of the many interesting social experiments, such as its co-operative houses, its co-partnership tenants' houses or its country inns without licenses, but enough has been said to show the future which is before such garden cities, and to prove that Mr. Howard has given to the world an idea not only ideal, but practical, and has created before our eyes an object lesson of interest not only to the people of an old country, but perhaps even more so to the citizens of a new country, where the foundation of new cities is an almost daily occurrence, and where there are such vast possibilities of building up a country of ideal cities.

The question whether there are to be slums or garden cities in Canada is one of immediate importance; slums grow so quickly and without any effort; garden cities need care and forethought, and an enlightened public opinion which will back up all public spirited citizens who, in and out of office, are anxious that their city shall be developed on scientific lines, and not as is the tendency at present, for the enriching of land speculators and grasping landlords.

"THE LITTLE LIZZIE"

By W. HASTINGS WEBLING

THERE were only three of us in the club at the time, bachelors all, and we sat around the blazing fire in the cosy little smoke room, making the best of things as we found them, hoping that soon some decent fellow would drop in to make a fourth for a rubber of "auction bridge."

"Listen to that rain, would you?" said Martin McRaye, looking apprehensively over his shoulder at the rattling windows. "Bet we won't get a fourth to-night!"

"Oh, someone will be dropping in soon," remarked Fred Bowers, who is a bit of an optimist.

"Hope so," said I, fervently. "It's just the night for a game—nothing like a little 'bridge' to pass the time and take your mind off one's troubles, imaginary or otherwise."

"Blamed little imagination about our troubles," exclaimed Martin dolorously.

"A few months ago we were all booked for the millionaire class, ridiculously sanguine and financially solvent, but where do we stand to-night? We're up against it! We've all pledged ourselves to a good deal more than we can afford and practically every dollar we possess is in the 'Little Lizzie,' and so far as I can figure it out, they will remain there; we'll never see them again."

"Curses on all mines!" I muttered vindictively, for was not I in the same predicament as Martin and Freddy?

"No use cursing the 'Little Lizzie,'" observed Fred reflectively, "but if I could have just one little go at that smooth-tongued fakir that sold us that quarter interest, I'd—I'd slap his wrist real hard. Why, hang it, he swore there was enough gold actually in sight to pay off our original investment in six months. That's over a year ago."

"Yes," interrupted Martin, "and he told us there would be gold taken out of that mine when my children were grey-headed."

"Guess he put one over on you there, Martin, you darned old bachelor," said I. "Give him quite a time limit to make good in, or get out—oh!"

"Yes, by jove!" continued Martin, ignoring my remark, "and then, by the gods of war, in less than six months he was calling on us for more money—more money from us, after all he promised!" Martin's voice rose to almost a shriek.

"Well," observed Fred, judicially, "we've talked all this over before, but little good it does. It won't get our money back or pay that last note coming due next month. The question is, do we want to raise some more money in some way to back our luck?"

"Not on your sweet, innocent life," exclaimed Martin with finality, "not for mine! I'll see Mr. James J. Jorkins in Jericho before he gets another dollar out of me."

"Same here," I hastened to agree. "I'm beautifully broke to the world, and it will keep little Willie busy meeting his share of that note. Besides it's foolish to throw good money after bad. I vote we just bid Mr. Jorkins and his 'Little Lizzie' a fond, but final farewell."

"Never cared for that man Jorkins anyway," muttered Martin, "don't like the way he caressed my hand and patted me on the shoulder. Besides, he wouldn't drink and never smoked in his life. That alone should have been sufficient warning."

"Say, fellows," exclaimed Fred, suddenly taken with an idea, "we haven't a time or money to waste over a sideline like this. Let's appoint a committee of one to sell our stock and get out of this mess. I propose Huskigh be the best the whole bunch to dispose of to the best advantage, he to receive ten per cent. commission and entertaining expenses."

"Not on your—" I started to object, when Martin took the floor and expressed his great pleasure in seconding the mo-

tion, with one amendment, namely, that Huskigh should have twenty-five per cent. selling commission and pay his own entertaining expenses. It might be more satisfactory all round and possibly more profitable to the concern as a whole.

In this Fred immediately concurred and concluding the matter settled, promptly pushed the button and told the steward to take our orders.

We ordered the usual and Radnor, while Martin, fired by example, bought the signs.

Nevertheless, I thought it my duty to suggest that whereas I considered Fred's idea to be excellent in many ways, and personally speaking, I should only be too delighted to do all in my power to assist in the undertaking, I could not help feeling that Fred himself was a far better qualified man to undertake the delicate operation of unloading our stock on the innocent public, especially as he travelled more than I did and that alone would doubtless commend itself to their sagacity, when they reflected that should by any chance "Little Lizzie" prove a failure, it would be less embarrassing to us all to have the stock held by people from a distance—greater the distance the better.

Fred's strenuous objections were here interrupted by the arrival of a tall, fair complexioned young man, who stooped slightly, wore glasses over a prominent nose and smiled on us with suspiciously mild blue eyes.

"Rotter night—what!" he exclaimed, lighting a cigarette. "Silly rotter to come out a night like this, but hearily slow in the hotel—couldn't stand it, really, you know. Have a drink? Good?"

Rickaby, or to give his full name, Robert Horace Fitzcarrance Rickaby, had blown into our burg from the Old Country a few days since, with a letter to old Moulton of the British Bank, but Moulton was away from home at the time and Ballhouse, the accountant, had put him up at the club, introduced him to a few of the fellows, and let it go at that.

Rick, as we soon learned to call him, was a good-natured easy-going sort of chap, who seemed to have nothing but money and didn't mind spending it. He played a rotten game of bridge, but usually held wonderful cards, or some-

thing, for he won our money with painful regularity.

However, we welcomed his advent on this occasion with unusual warmth, for we wanted a game badly and Rick was better than no one at all. So we grouped round the card table and were soon playing the game. We pivoted and, as usual, when it came to settle up, Rick received from every one.

We congratulated him in a perfunctory manner, for after all, one cannot help feeling sore at losing to such a dish as Rick. It seemed to us, poorer the player, greater the luck—a sort of law of divine compensation, very nice for him, but detested hard for us.

As we returned to the smoke room for a final, I heard Martin whisper, "What's the matter with giving Rick a chance on 'Little Lizzie'?" With his luck he might do anything."

"Eh, what?" said Rick, whose hearing at least was not dull. "Who is the gal, do I know her? Is she what you call a peach?"

"She isn't a girl," I explained, "it's a gold mine we're interested in in Porcupine."

"My word! That's awfully funny; you know I leave to-morrow for Porcupine and may pick up something there myself. Must be awfully jolly to own a gold mine, what?"

"It is," we agreed with forced enthusiasm.

"Do you own it between you?" he enquired with evident interest.

"No," I replied, "we only own a third share, but understood on the word of the original discoverer and promoter of the mine, one Jorkins, that it was a wonderful proposition, a regular mountain of the precious metal—in fact, there were millions in it, just waiting to be picked up."

"By jove, just the sort of game I'm keen for."

"It's a little difficult to secure stock," I continued to explain, while the other fellows smoked nervously and signalled encouragement. "You see, it's a sort of close corporation; the shares have never been on the market, the thing was too good to lose; we didn't want anybody else in. Mr. Jorkins, who owns the balance of the stock, was very decided about this. However, if you are going to Porcupine,

you can see him at the mine and you can look the proposition over. Can't he, Martin?" This to give Martin a chance. I was sitting in my stride.

"Sure thing," conceded Martin, with alacrity. "I'll write to Jenkins to-morrow. I'm sure he'll look over in my great shape. Smart man, Jenkins—been mining all his life."

"Thanks, awfully," said Rick gravely; "awfully good to you fellows. I'll look him up as soon as I arrive."

We escorted Rick to his hotel and as we walked homeward we asked Martin what his game was, why not sell him our stock and not bother with Jenkins?

"Nix," said Martin succinctly, "better leave it to Jenkins—he'll treat us right if the thing goes through. Besides, if Rick is going up there, he'll get a run for his money; of course he'll get stung anyway, and why shouldn't we get a bit out of it? I believe in home missions."

Some time elapsed after the events just recorded when one morning the phone rang violently. I answered it.

"Well, who is it? Oh, that you Martin? What is it, a fire or a funeral?" "Come over to the office at once," snapped back Martin excitedly. "Got an important message from Jenkins. Just phoned Fred, he'll be here right away."

Before I had a chance to make further inquiries Martin had hung up the phone. I hastily snatched my hat and cloak and beat it for his office, but Fred was there before me. Martin ushered us into his private office and carefully closed the door.

With an air of importance he cleared his throat and deliberately unfolded a night telegram.

"This message," said he, in impressive tones, "reached me this morning and reads as follows:

"Martin McKaye,

Flawton, Ont.

Wire immediately if you are prepared to grant me ten days option on your share in the 'Little Lizzie' at original cost, plus six per cent. interest from time of purchase. Am going to get from under and advise you to do the same. 'Little Lizzie' shows good values but fear cost of mining prohibitive on small capital. Thanks for Rickaby. He's a cinch.

John J. Jenkins."

"Now, gentlemen," said Martin solemnly, with the air of a King's Counsel addressing the jury in a murder case, "it's for you to decide. We have had a lesson and the experience may do us no harm, indeed it may be of inestimable value to us in after years. Furthermore, the experience, unlike most others, is not going to cost us anything. We went into this thing with a reckless disregard, possibly carried away by the contagious enthusiasm and inspiring eloquence of our friend Jenkins. Results might have been disastrous, but here we have an opportunity of doing what our friend advises, get from under. Gentlemen, what are your wishes?"

"Why, there's nothing to it," exclaimed Fred. "Give him the option and pray to Heaven that he doesn't fall dead in the meantime."

"Right!" said I. "By jove, if I ever get my hand on those giddy simoleons once more, it's me for the little savings bank and four honest per cent. per annum."

"Per-haps," observed Fred ironically. "But, for Heaven's sake, Martin, get that wire off quick and put in a postscript to keep Rick under lock and key till the deal's closed."

Needless to say, for the next few days we lived in a state of feverish excitement, alternating between hope and fear. No further word came from Jenkins and so it continued till the morning of the tenth day.

I met Fred on the street that morning; he was looking pale and nervous. He, on the other hand, said he would hate to feel as badly as I looked. I think he did, only worse.

"No word, I suppose?"

"Na," he replied gloomily, "the option's up in an hour; looks as if there was nothing doing. Let's go over and see Martin."

Martin saw us coming and waved to us wildly from his door. We simply rushed and followed him excitedly into his private office.

"What news?" we cried in one voice. "What's the verdict?"

"The best!" replied Martin, almost out of breath. "Just got a wire and been phoning you for the last five minutes.

It's a go! Jenkins has sold to poor old Rick and wired the cash to our bank."

"Hurrah!" we shouted in glee. "Now all we've got to do is to endorse the certificates in blank, divide the spoils and finish up the day with a bang up feed at the club. Are you on?"

"We are," we chorused back. Any old time either of us would miss an excuse for an opportunity of this description meant one of us must be in a very bad state of health.

The necessary details were concluded to our complete satisfaction and we rang up Harry Rickaby to make a fourth. You bet we had a great old time.

Of course we felt a little guilty about Rick, but we argued he went in with his eyes open and would have a good run for his money. In fact, we drank his health and hoped he would make a million. The toast was honored with subtle enjoyment, and we all laughed heartily, even H. C., when we explained the joke to him.

But he who laughs last laughs best. Two days later Fred came rushing into my office with a tragic look on his face and a morning paper in his hand, saying, "For the love of Mike, Hunk, have you seen this?"

Then and there I read the following press despatch, a regular headliner. It reported the important sale of several Porcupine properties to a wealthy English syndicate. Among the properties acquired was the extremely promising "Little

Lizzie" mine, controlled by Mr. John A. Jenkins for \$500,000, etc. The whole negotiations were most successfully conducted by Mr. Robert Rickaby of London, England, son of Sir Horace Rickaby, Bart. of the well known financial firm of Rickaby, Dean and Rickaby.

"Well, what do you know about that?" I cried, simply aghast. "Have you told Martin?"

"No," said Fred, sinking into a chair, in a state bordering on mental collapse.

"Let me," said I, making for the phone. "Next best thing to receiving good news is relating bad."

"That you, Martin? Say, have you heard the news? No? Well, here it is," and I read the item slowly and distinctly so that dear old Martin wouldn't miss a point. He hates to miss anything anyway, being Scotch.

"What did he say?" said Fred with curious interest, noting the strange expression on my face.

"I shall never tell," I replied solemnly, "but it was a revelation."

I might add in conclusion the incident of the Little Lizzie is now tabooed between us by mutual consent and furthermore, it is not considered advisable for others to broach the subject if they are desirous of retaining our goodwill and friendship, no sir.

As to James J. Jenkins—oh, well, what's the use?

THE QUIET WORKER

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worry or nagging. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps.

THE ODDITIES OF ENGLAND

A CONTRAST BETWEEN LIFE AND CONDITIONS IN THE
OLD LAND AND AMERICA

By FELIX J. KOCH

THE popular conception of education has undergone a radical change in recent years; the modern standard requires a knowledge of life as well as of books. The new viewpoint, indeed, is well illustrated in the "commencement" exercises which are held annually at the colleges and institutions of learning, when graduates are sent forth into the world, adequately equipped in theory, to "commence" their life work in practice. In the actual combat of life, and there only, are actual conditions encountered and practical experience gained. Gradually there is developed a new conception of life which is crystallized into what is commonly termed "viewpoint."

Few people realize that viewpoint is everything in life. A man is sane only in so far as his outlook is sensible and safe and sympathetic. "The longer I live," declared one of the world leaders of thought and action, "the more constantly is this fact pressed upon me, that the most important thing in life is to ascertain the other man's standpoint." Only those of wide and varied experience are able to appreciate this to the full. Experience alone must be the teacher.

Possibly no other means of gaining accurate and reliable information of other people at first hand approaches that of travel. It is interesting and educative in many ways. New countries may be visited, presenting new conditions and

modern problems in the struggle of development; old lands, too, may be toured, replete in interest in their historical associations and ancient structures. The preacher may draw sermons, the architect gain suggestions, the artist find inspiration and the writer see visions, in travel. It all depends on their viewpoint, on what they seek. What go ye out to see?

A new side, and not the least fascinating feature of modern travel, has to do with the oddities which one may meet in any of the popular tours abroad. To

Canadians, who live in a new country where time has not yet produced oddities, this phase of travelling is ever interesting. All of the older countries have their curiosities for the traveller. Many of them have been exploited for years; few people have not been told of the odd ways of England, for instance. And yet the whole story has yet to be related. For even England presents new oddities.

Next time a *blase* traveller tells you there is nothing odd left in England, that everything that is unique has been exploited so often that there is nothing left worth the telling about, ask him if he ran across some of the following, and then set him to explaining at length, to test the truth of his statement.

Entering Liverpool one is apt to encounter curious sidewheel steamers bearing on their sides, in heavily gilded relief

work, the strange insignia of three human legs. Not simply so many legs, in a row, but each joined to the thigh of the other, much as are the spokes to a wheel. What does it mean? The symbol is the insignia of the Isle of Man, whence these boats ply, and signifies the proximity of England, Ireland and Wales, just a step for one with the seven-leagued boots of which English folklore relates

On the Mersey, as you get further up the river, the dredges are curious enough to attract even the layman. These have a long inclined shaft for the sand, rising from their decks to what seems a derrick. The sand brought from the bottom is raised slowly to this height, then comes gently down the incline into the hold, like some miniature brown catarract of the West.

To the newcomer in England the rounded ends to the street cars appear strangely.

Another oddity, reminiscent of the hotel runners' cries at Nantucket, is presented im-

mediately on docking, by a bevy of men boarding the boat, each holding squarely across his chest a leather-bound time table, on which, in heavy gilt letters is the name of some railway. These men are coppers for the respective lines, and their appearance, in single array thus, is indeed a ludicrous one, well nigh, to the newcomer.

How cheaply folk will work, or, better, how much comfort is to be had for little is emphasized, especially to a Canadian. Railway baggage, as they're called in the Near East, reserve a seat for you in the car, secure your ticket and deposit your luggage for you both in this car and the van for such, and all for 12 cents. In America a Pullman porter expects



THE TYPICAL ENGLISH SCHOOLS ARE MORE ORNATE THAN THOSE IN AMERICA.



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN LONDON, SHOWING THE USE WHICH IS MADE OF TREES ALONG THE WALKS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES. THE FIGURE ABOVE IS THAT OF A LONDON POLICEMAN, A MEMBER OF WHAT IS COMMONLY REGARDED AS THE BEST POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD.

25 cents simply for shining your shoes and brushing you off.

Over the seats in the coupes of English railways, photographs of attractive scenes along the line are set. This is a gilt-edged advertisement costing the roads nothing, and one wonders why American cars have never been adorned with the decorative effects.



Again, while Americans pride themselves on their railways, it's decidedly more comfortable to have the cement floor of the depot on a level with the floor of one's car, as in England, than to have to climb the wee steps that we do in Canada.

On English trains they collect the trunk from any house in London and deliver it to any house in Liverpool, on your railway ticket, for only twelve cents.

On the other hand, England, and one wonders indeed at this, has no checking system for baggage. There the heavy valise is put by your baggage porter into the luggage van. Come to the destination for which it is labelled, you and a hundred others beside this van to claim your respective pieces. If I come first, or if I watched you as you put yours in, and

then, when you dismount, keep a careful eye to get there well ahead of you, I can claim your piece as mine, walk off, and leave you none at all behind me. The simple American system of a brass check or a paper one, given on putting in the piece and surrendered on receiving the piece similarly numbered, would doubtless prove a bonanza to this land.

Telegraph is so cheap in England one is startled, well-nigh. Twelve words for twelve cents, London to Liverpool. Only there you pay for your own name and for that and address of recipient; we, of course, do not.

Another unique sight, recalling somewhat Philadelphia, is found in the villages, where the houses one and all are of a dark



IN ENGLAND THE MAIDS OF SERVICE DRESS IN WHITE LINENS, AS SHOWN IN THE VIEW ABOVE; IN THE OLD LAND ALSO EVEN THE POOR BUY FLOWERS, WHERE AMERICANS WOULD BUY FOOD.

brick; each and all have their heavy slate roofs, and their little spawalled gardens. Where a row meets the street-crossing, however, unlike any row we ever saw in Canada, it does not end there, but instead, curves itself on, house upon house, down that next street.

English folk can tell the speed of a train easily by counting the telegraph

poles for a minute, then calculating. There are always 36 such to a mile. In Canada we count the clicks of the rails on one side of the car, which is more trying and tedious.

Roads in England always go over or under the railway track, never leading across it. In this country such safety precaution is the exception rather than rule.

In Canada we name our sleeping cars.

centuries should still possess so much farm land. Judging from the Canadian West one would imagine it to have been completely built over long since.

Round Canoeek the barns excite curiosity. These have one wall rising erect. Then, from its top, the roof proceeds on a slant down to the ground, much like some wind-shifted haystack might do.

Beginning at Lichfield, the allotments



THE ENGLISH BUS LARGELY SUPPLANTED THE AMERICAN STERRY CAR UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY IN ENGLAND.

In England it is the locomotive which is named.

American railways pride themselves on the inordinate length of one's ticket. In England there are no tickets met with on the trains at all, since this is given up, car by car, as the train is still waiting in the station and, the area being enclosed, no one gets in without his card.

Newcomers to England comment on the strangeness of the fact that a country so little and settled so many

greet the traveller as oddities. Each man of a town, almost, has a little section of ground on which he raises his kitchen vegetables and these innumerable patches, each with well-nigh identical array of produce, resemble some patchwork of old. Round Nancton in particular there are many such allotments, the ground being rented at so much and then folk raising what they will. There is nothing in Canada to exactly compare with the system.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH

By J. de Q. DONEHOO

WILDLY, outside raged over the Canadian prairies the winter storm; within, a silence reigned that could be felt above the ticking of the cheap alarm-clock upon the mantel. By her husband's bedside sat a woman who, at times, softly wept, then restrained herself and inwardly prayed; for a life hung in the balance in that squalid room—a life inexpressibly dear to the watcher, even in proportion as she reflected that she had wrecked and saddened it.

Which way the battle would go before the morning broke, no man might say. The doctor, who had recently left, had shaken his head and refused to express any positive opinion. It was doubtful—most uncertain, the final issue of this battle royal between the forces of life and those of disease. But in regard to one thing the physician had emphatically assured Helen Lee; if the sick man failed to get, as directed, the medicine left for him, small indeed would be the hope that the crisis might be safely passed. That stimulant was absolutely necessary to keep the weary heart throbbing and pen in the fluttering soul.

Helen had promised the utmost faithfulness to directions, and resolutely began her vigil that night. All of which mortal was capable would she do to prolong for her husband that life which she confessed to herself that she had well-nigh ruined.

How he had loved her, she now called to mind, in that golden time before she sinned and fell. Upon her, his beside, had he then lavished all the treasures of affection that belonged to a profoundly sentimental nature. For a few short months she had been perfectly happy. She felt that she had indeed snared the "Anka, God's bird," that figure of flawless felicity dreamed of by the poets of the Orient. In those days there was nothing more that either of them could have asked of the immortals.

Often and often since had Helen bitterly reflected that the old Greeks must

have been right in thinking the immortals to be ever jealous of human happiness. Certain it is that they do not long permit perfect felicity to be enjoyed by any of the children of men; for that, it seems, is a morsel far too delicious to be tasted with impunity by any save the gods who ever feast on high Olympus.

The Nemesis of her happiness had very suddenly appeared. Even to this day she had never been able to understand it all, to fathom the source of that temptation which led her, for a few short and wretched days, to be unfaithful to her idolized husband. But untrue, in thought, at least, she had been, whether by stress of that evil that dwelt within her heart, or by the compelling power of some devil that entered into her from without.

If any reasonable doubt as to her infidelity had existed, she knew that Stephen would have clung to this while life remained. But, alas, there was none. He had been witness with his own eyes of the absolute proofs of her treachery. Moreover, the tragedy which followed stained his hands with human blood, however plain the unwritten law that justified him in his own sight and in that of the community. His career was ruined, his happiness gone forever.

After a few months' time a reconciliation did, it is true, take place between them. Sincerely, humbly penitent she came to him, and he received her; but it was only, she felt, for the sake of their child. Then that little one was stricken and died. The world seemed altogether dark for her, unless, indeed, she could once more regain that treasure of affection which she had madly thrown away.

She knew that Stephen at first felt that he would in time be able to fight the thing down, and find revived the lingering embers of love for her that had not altogether died out. She resolved that she would do everything in her power to atone for her one false step. Truly contrite, she lavished on her husband increas-

ed outward demonstrations of love, exerted herself, as she had never done in the days of her happiness, to secure his approval for her every action. But, alas, his jealousy constantly whispered to him that there was a false note in all this. The demon that was within him now insinuated that it was attrition, not contrition, that she displayed—the anxiety to atone that springs from the fear of the consequences of sin, not heartfelt sorrow for the wanton wounding of a beloved object.

Many a long, sleepless night had Stephen tossed, torturing himself. It appeared that he was ever haunted by that scene which pronounced his wife guilty—guilty of wilful, wanton treachery to the man who had confided the happiness of his life to her faithless keeping. She knew that the moan of King Arthur, passing out of life in utter despair, rang continually through her husband's brain; for more than once she heard him muttering these words in the watches of the night:

For I, being simple, thought to work
His will,
And have but stricken with the sword
In vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and
friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my
realm
Reels back into the beast and is no more.

The outwardly reunited couple planned, of course, to leave the home of their childhood and start life anew in some far-away region where there would be no fear that the breath of the old scandal could reach them. Necessarily they turned to the West, that section which, with ever-widening reach towards the setting sun, has hospitably opened its arms to the human wreckage of the nation's failures and tragedies. Accordingly they settled on a splendid farm in the Canadian West, at a distance, however, of some ten miles from the nearest town.

The couple felt that this was providential, and were soon settled on the tract, occupying a rude cabin. Stephen had no ambition now but to fight this thing out on the broad prairies, under the open skies—to find out whether there was anything left in life that he cared for and could believe in. He had given up all

his once ambitious plans for the future; for he was weary of the world and all its conventions, absolutely disgusted with his once idolized profession of the law. And Helen set herself to suffer and to hope that some day the shadows might flee away.

It was a hard life upon which they had entered, one especially trying for this delicately nurtured woman accustomed to the luxuries of life and the pleasures of society. And very ill-prepared were both of them for this return to nature—for struggling with the hardships that beset pioneers in a new country. Stephen had no greater qualifications for the calling of a farmer, one that the average city man thinks requires no preparation, than he had for deciphering cuneiform inscriptions. Helen was even less fitted to be the mistress of the new home on the prairies.

Every conceivable misfortune seemed to befall the pair, and Stephen's alleged crops on the newly broken acres only escaped the open ridicule of his neighbors because sympathy, happily an abounding feeling in the west, took entire possession of them. As a farmer he was a hopeless failure; and now, the last of his resources having been spent, he was fast running into debt.

Such was the situation at the beginning of the winter, when Stephen fell ill. Poor, weary, discouraged little Helen! A thousand times a day she asked whether the curse would ever be lifted. She prayed that kind heaven would give her some opportunity to atone, to prove to this man that her love for him was as strong as death itself. Could she do that, she felt that her husband would once more rally to be his own true self; that the clouds would roll by, and the happiness that the immortals had envied return. Yet he was to-night, perchance, dying—dying through her fault and sin, in poverty and discouragement, all the splendid possibilities of his life unrealized. In an agony of grief and despair the unhappy woman knelt and prayed once more.

Recklessly the sick man tossed and moaned.

"Yes, dear, here I am," she called out cheerfully, making a great effort, and ran to bend over the bed. The face was paler than even its wont; the weary heart was throbbing painfully, and, oh, how slowly.

The medicine the doctor left! Where was it?

Yes, there it is—the little two-ounce phial standing on the table by the bedside, just as he left it. But not! There are two tiny bottles there, the same in size, similar in color. Which is the right one? There are no labels upon either. Ah, these physicians who ride the long miles over the prairies must needs be their own pharmacists, and often have no means at hand to put labels on the medicines they dispense, careless and dangerous as this practice must seem.

Yes; Helen now distinctly remembers that the other phial contains a preparation of strychnine, left by the doctor yesterday for use as a stimulant in certain emergencies that might arise. But no dose of it had yet been given, and the orders for its administration had been countermanded on account of other symptoms that had appeared. The physician's directions had been that but one drop of it should be administered at a time; more than that might prove fatal, for the tincture was of great potency.

Mercurial God, is this the alternative? The sick man grasps, the stimulant is sorely needed; a few minutes more and it may be too late. Helen remembers that strychnine is bitter; that may give her an indication as to which is the right phial. She tests upon her tongue a drop from the first bottle. Bitter as death this is, but how about the other? She tastes of it and finds its contents equally bitter. She cannot, by her poor knowledge of drugs, distinguish between the two. And yet in a spoonful of medicine from one or other of these phials lies life for her husband, and in a like measure from the other lurks swift and fearful death.

There must be no further delay in meeting the issue, for the sick man's face is rapidly becoming ghastlier in the dim light of the kerosene lamp. Helen turns swiftly and kisses the pallid lips. Firmly she says, "Now, dear, get ready to take your medicine."

With steady hand she pours the dark liquid from one of the phials into a teaspoon, and with a hurried prayer swallows it. For an instant she pauses irresolutely, ready to shatter that bottle upon the floor and with her last remaining strength to pour from the other one and give to the sick man; for she knows the awful death one dies who drinks the extract of the deadly nux vomica. Thoughts of possible antidotes flash through her mind; but only one controlling thought is there—her love for him. She will save him, though he knows it not, or she will die for him; and falling there in death beside him whom only once she wronged, it will be well.

But Stephen did know what she had done. Aroused to consciousness by her words, an instant before, it flashed upon him—the meaning of the phial she held with that look upon her face, whilst she gazed at the other on the table. And this was the woman whose love he had doubted, she to whom he had virtually denied forgiveness, and that answering love that was to her as the very breath of life. A great passion of tenderness, of infinite regret for his blindness and injustice, surged through him.

Thus did a moment pass and Helen, all unconscious that he had seen or knew, but full of joy that the danger was past, turned her eyes upon him and said, "Here, dear, is your medicine. Take it now, like a good boy."

She had poured from the phial she held and was handing over him. Stephen took the draught from her. A flush of life overspread his pallid face, and upon it Helen saw a look that had never been there since that sad day more than two years before.

He stretched out two arms, wasted with illness, and drew her to him, saying, "Dearest, now I know."

And Helen felt in her heart that from that hour it should be well with them both.



THE MOTOR TRUCK IN NEW YORK. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM WORLD'S WORK, SHOWING A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK. A DOZEN OR MORE MOTOR TRUCKS ARE TO BE SEEN ON THE PAYMENT.

THE MOTOR TRUCK

WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE ON COMMERCE? SWIFTER SERVICE. CLEANER STREETS, BETTER TRAFFIC, WIDER RADIUS OF DELIVERY

By REG. CALBECK

IT has been said that where we cannot invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which is old, condemnation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recedite.

The greatest of all laws is the law of progressive development. It is not of so much account that the telephone or telegraph were invented as it is that they have been made useful agencies of humanity; not so important that electric cars and automobiles were developed by some genius as is the fact that they have been utilized

in revolutionizing methods of commerce.

Commerce, indeed, has made all wind her messengers, all climes her tributaries, all people her servants. Every agency of civilization has she employed in her conquests of aggression; never has she hesitated in the meeting of changed conditions by the adoption of new methods. If invention has been glad to pay her tribute she in turn has been quick to employ all the marvellous devices which wizards have contrived for the good and welfare of the race. And ever watchful she still stands, willing to accept new forces which

will aid her development and advancement.

Among modern inventions, which through the process of improvement are being pressed into commercial service, none gives promise of greater results than motor trucks, which have been speltily termed the "new freighters." As a country of "illimitable distances," Canada's most vital national problem is transportation. Despite the great trunk lines of railroad which span the Dominion, the need of branch lines as feeders has always been felt severely. Electric lines and good roads' systems have relieved the situation somewhat but it has remained for the motor truck to offer a practical solution of the problem. Gradually, this type of vehicle is assuming its share of patronage as a means of conveyance and in the estimation of business men and farmers is being brought to a standard of perfection which will shortly ensure its general adoption for transport purposes.

In the broadest sense the motor truck rests its claim for service solely on utilitarian grounds—that it can compete successfully with horse-drawn vehicles, giving a better or cheaper service, or both in some instances. And the facts of actual experience would seem to substantiate the claim. Those familiar with conditions, after a critical study, point out some interesting facts in this connection. As compared with horse traffic the motor truck covers a much greater territory, it effects deliveries more speedily, it has no limitation as to the number of hours of which it is capable of labor, it is not affected in its deliveries by bad weather, deep snows or excessive heat, it costs much less to store and takes less room than idle horses, it brings about a prodigious economy in the density of street traffic in congested centres, it is vastly more sanitary and as compared with its service the cost of upkeep and operation is reasonable. Undoubtedly, this constitutes a formidable list of advantages, varied in character and far-reaching in effect. But can such be substantiated?

THE MOTOR TRUCK ADVANTAGES.

There is little room for doubt as to the relative extent of territory covered. It is estimated that the radius of a single horse with a one-ton wagon is twenty miles in

day, to attain which, one-half the distance is generally covered without load. On the other hand, a one-ton motor truck can easily travel eighty miles a day. Other instances could be cited, illustrating the relative distances covered by two-horse or three-horse wagons as compared with three-ton or five-ton motor trucks, but sufficient has been given to show that the motor covers four times the distance of which horses are capable in the course of a day.

If it is possible to cover greater distances in less time it follows that deliveries can be effected by motor much speedier than by horse service. A truck can make a delivery ten miles from the store very nearly two hours quicker than the wagon. Moreover, in addition to its higher speed, the truck is not limited as to its hours of operation. It requires no period of rest and sleep as does the horse. All day it can work, without exhaustion during rush periods, and it can run night and day continuously if needs be. Nor does the weather affect its operation. In winter, the motor truck, with anti-skidding appliances attached to the tires, glides over the icy pavements and through the deep snows without restraint; in summer it survives the season of heat prostrations, during which thousands of horses succumb in the larger centres. As a matter of fact, the motor truck in times of crucial test, in periods of extreme heat or cold, simply gives the usual service regardless of the existing conditions.

No stronger factor can be urged in behalf of the commercial truck than its compactness, a feature which is important both from the standpoint of the owner and the public. It costs much less to store than idle horses for it takes less room. In a garage 40x80 feet, five heavy trucks could be accommodated, while forty horses and ten wagons which would be required for the same service would need three or four times the space. In operation, the utilization of motor trucks would produce an enormous economy of space, greatly relieving the congestion of street traffic in the crowded cities. In evidence of this, Mr. Charles E. Stone, a prominent truck expert, is quoted in the *World's Work* as follows: "A horse delivery-wagon has an over-all length of about eighteen feet and occupies ninety square feet of area. To

stable the horse and wagon requires about one hundred and forty square feet of area. The motor of like carrying capacity will average an over-all length of about ten feet, or sixty square feet of area, whether



on the street or in the stable, a saving of practically one-third on the street, and nearly 60 per cent. in the stable, where the high rental value has to be considered. The comparison with larger drays is even more striking. The five-ton horse truck will require about twenty-five feet on the street, or 200 square feet of surface, and the stable space for this equipment would represent 281 square feet. A motor of equal capacity would require only 170 square feet. While these figures show a very decided saving for the motor as against the horse, conservative estimates prove that it is doing two and a half times the work of the horse, making a saving of street space of no less than 73 per cent.; so the same amount of work could be done with only about one-quarter of the street congestion, or four times the present volume of traffic could be accommodated before relief measures would be needed."

As Canadian cities grow in population and extent, the traffic problem will become increasingly menacing. Not the least difficult element insofar as horse traffic is concerned will be the maintaining on our streets of proper standards of cleanliness.

Already the congesting conditions of centres of population now demand that we legislate the horse off the streets. Discussing the American situation in this regard, Rollin W. Hutchinson, Jr., says:

"We have legislated against the housefly and the mosquito in our cities as enemies to man's welfare, health and hygienic comfort. The horse, as a purveyor of filth which serves as the breeding or culture medium of flies and a variety of noxious germs is doing more than any other agency to prevent the proper sanitation of cities. He is costing us hundreds of thousands—millions, even, to keep our streets

tolerably decent and he is spreading contagious disease at a frightful rate." Truly a warning and a ringing call for cleaner and less congested streets."

THE PROBLEM OF COST

But the item of cost presents perplexing problems. Is the motor truck, judged on the merits of its service, cheaper than the horse and wagon? Reduced to a business consideration, the question ultimately resolves itself into one of expense. So many items enter into cost—interest on invest-



THE HEAT OF SUMMER DEMONSTRATES THE SUPERIORITY OF THE MOTOR TRUCK OVER THE HORSE IN THE CATTLE VIEW. MOTOR "SPRING OUTFIT" IS SHOWN. THE LOWER PICTURE IS THAT OF A MOTOR TRUCK ENGINE RESPONDING TO A CALL.

nent, insurance, drivers' wages, garage, etc., garage charges, gasoline, oil, depreciation, the maintenance, machine overhauling, upkeep—that it is difficult to determine any definite total, particularly when the trucks, requirements, operation and conditions are so varied and different. It is almost impossible to obtain any accurate statistics with regard to the cost of upkeep in Canada as most were either keep no record or are only experimenting themselves at the present time. The general opinion of large users, however, appears to be that the heavy motor truck is considerably more economical than the team and wagon, while the light delivery van is not yet quite so economical as the horse and rig, though several houses have adopted it on account of its greater handiness. In the United States, however, the operating and maintenance cost of a one-ton motor car, for instance, covering everything, is definitely stated to average \$2,422 per year or \$8.07 per day. This includes the wages of the driver, the truck averaging 80 miles a day. This would mean a carrying of 40 tons a distance of 40 miles in a day at a cost of 20 cents per mile. The cost of a horse and wagon, together with a driver, for one day is similarly estimated at \$4.00, but the limit of delivery is only 11 miles, which makes an average cost of 36 cents per mile. Statistics obtained from Great Britain show that where roads are good the delivery automobile can displace at least six horses and reduce the delivery expense by about eight cents a mile. One large London department store has fifty-six motor vans on the road, which travel over a million miles a year. The vans engaged on the longest routes travel 25,000 miles annually.

THE FUTURE OF MOTOR TRUCKS.

As to the future of the motor truck and its general utilization in commerce there can be no reasonable doubt. It is being used to-day in 125 separate and distinct lines of trade and industries, and newer fields of adaptability are constantly being found for it. In the United States the commercial truck is already a factor in the country's transport; close on one hundred manufacturers are devoting their attention to it, and, according to authorities, their

output, large as it is, is barely equal to the demand. In Great Britain a similar condition of things exists. British manufacturers are building up huge industries at home and in the overseas dominions, and more than one has established a branch factory in the United States to tap the market existing there. Canada will not be without its supply, for already Canadian manufacturers of motor trucks are in the field.


A further evidence of the practicability of the motor truck is the rapidity in which municipalities are taking it up. There is hardly a city of any importance in Great Britain, Canada or the United States that does not own at least one of them. London, New York and Chicago probably employ over a hundred apiece, while Toronto owns several Berna trucks, the most conspicuous being those on which are mounted the 14,000 gallon water tanks which flush the streets during the summer months. In many centres, the trucks are applied mainly to fire-fighting. Speedy, powerful and capable, they are already displacing the horse in hauling the heavier fire-fighting implements. The motor water-tower, chemical engine or fire escape is now a familiar object to dwellers in any large town. All in Toronto have seen the motor engine, and throughout the whole chain of towns from Halifax to Vancouver the sight of a motor fire destroyer is commonplace.

But the operation is by no means confined to the uses outlined. Commissary departments are equipped with the trucks, they have been pressed into the mail service, express companies have adopted them and contractors utilize them in big works. At the present time there are several hundred million dollars' worth of motor trucks in existence, and in the United States, where there are now some twenty thousand units in operation, it is estimated that the number will have increased one hundredfold by next year.

And the outcome of it all should be a swifter service, cleaner streets, less congested traffic, and a closer delivery connection between urban and suburban points. Manifestly, then, the motor truck is here to stay.

VAN BIBBER'S FAMOUS ... SPEECH ... BY ED. CAHN

PICTURES BY—HAROLD THOMAS DENISON—12



IT was a mild evening in May. The air full of the gladness exhilaration of spring, was an added source of uplift to Van Bibber's already buoyant soul.

He paused on the doorstep, letting the door close on him with a smart snap, unsteadily drew on his gloves, and eyed the quiet block with a slightly idiotic smile.

The passing guardian of the peace nodded pleasantly, and Van Bibber as pleasantly nodded in return.

"Shure now," thought the policeman as he took in the elegant young man's faultless evening attire, "it must be a foine thing to bow 'at them clothes an' places to wear 'em at. Well, bedad, the rich kin ride in otermobiles, but the poor kin walk, an' be damned to them." Thus moralizing, he turned the corner just as a hansom drew up before the Van Bibber benson.

"Don' wan' go to 'ol banquet. Can't make after dinner speech. Wan' go out fer a time—ash what I wan'," confided Van Bibber to the air.

"Cab, sir?" asked the driver.

"Yesh," said Van Bibber, stifling a hicough.

"My goodness, Cabby. You're an evil looking man." He critically inspected the visage of the cabman, lit up with all the unmerciful candor of a dim Montreal street lamp.

"Well," he decided, swaying slightly, "I guess you'll do, but I drasher have a better looking drive msh. Here I goes." And

this bibulous scion of an ancient family descended the steps, putting one foot before the other with deliberate and painstaking precision.

Having reached he sidewalk in safety, he flung caution to the four winds and began the journey to the curb with a recklessness that sent him into the arms of a passer-by.

He clutched wildly at the stranger's coat, grasping it like a spear in mid-ocean. The other man's hat fell off and rolled into the gutter. The cabby sprang to assist and they righted themselves beneath the lamp-post.

"Oh, I shay of' man," stammered Van Bibber, maintaining his grasp, "scuse me, will you?" He forgot his apology at the look of utter bewilderment on the other's face.

His rescuer was his exact double. Hair eyes, every facial detail were identical. The only difference was between the shabby brown sack suit of the stranger and Van Bibber's immaculate evening clothes topped by a shining silk hat set at a rakish angle on the back of his head.

He began an incoherent and it must be confessed, profane, expression of his delighted surprise at meeting his double, whom he immediately dubbed "Twinsie", stopping abruptly as an insane idea popped into his head.

"Shay, ol' man. I wan'n make a hargain wish you. Come on in." And he clambered into the hansom.

The man hesitated, then with a laugh and a shrug stepped in beside him.

"Down the avenue," ordered Van Bibber to the interested driver.

"Now," said Van Bibber, "I'm Algeron Van Bibber, 'n I'm 'spected to be at the Mount Royal banquet to-night, 'n I got to make a speech about—about—jus' a plain speech."

"At the Mount Royal Club?"

"Yesh, that's it. Beside here. I've 'nother 'gagement I wan't keep. If we change clothes, I'll look jus' like you, an' you'll look jus' like me. I'll keep my ozer date in your clothes an' you go to banquet in mine. What do you say, Twinnie?"

Twinnie laughed. "Why, my dear fellow you must be crazy. This thing is impossible—absurd."

Nevertheless, the idea appealed to him, and he thought rapidly, unheeding Van Bibber's tangle entreaties to "be a sport."

"What a lark!" he thought. The affair was exclusive. The brightest men in the city were to be guests. The thought of once more donning decent linen and irreproachable garments and mingling with his fellows as an equal after his years of outcast wandering beyond the pale, was too much for him.

Once more to be a man among men! The flowers and music, the very atmosphere! Yes, he would oblige this incognito young swell and trust to luck and the resemblance to carry him through. He consented abruptly.

"Hurrah for you!" shouted Van Bibber. "Shay, you, up there!" Stopped at the nearest hotel.

Arriving there and securing a room, they proceeded to make the change.

It seemed no time until the stranger was gazing at the handsome image which confronted him in the mirror, clad in gala attire.

Van Bibber, gurgling with glee, and wriggling about in the silent stranger's baggy trousers, was in a fever of impatience to be off and hustled him down to the waiting cab as soon as possible.

"Mount Royal Club," he shouted to the driver almost before his obliging friend was within, and hurried off on foot as fast as his unsteady legs could carry him.

It seemed but a moment until the twin found himself, a late arrival, being seated at a glittering table banked with rare flowers and decked with costly wines.

There was an imposing array of speakers, and beneath Van Bibber's name on the card at his plate, there was a verse from which he drew a clue as to what was expected. He had barely sipped his wine when the toast-master called upon "Van Bibber."

As he slowly rose he perceived that he was accorded most respectful attention. "That chap must be a somebody," he thought. "Well, here goes."

Trusting to luck, inspiration came. He spoke brilliantly, impressively, feelingly, his audience amazed and speechless at this evidence of deep thought and certain knowledge from the irresponsible Van Bibber.

For twenty minutes he held them spell-bound, then, amid a storm of applause, he brought his speech to a brilliant close, and seated himself with the happy consciousness of deserved approbation.

"Well done, Van Bibber," said his neighbor warmly. "So these are your sentiments," eh? By Jove! Everyone thought—"

The rest was lost, for our orator's joy was turned to bitterness as he remembered that he was here, applauded and complimented, not as himself, but as another. An impostor! Ugh! It was suddenly intolerable, impossible.

He contrived to slip away almost unnoticed, secured his hat and coat and vanished.

Van Bibber was electrified next morning to read in all the papers flattering accounts of his remarkable speech. Some went so far as to publish the greater part of it.

At first he was dumfounded, then, as congratulations came in over the telephone, and he realized that no one had discovered the hoax he burst into peals of laughter.

"By George! What an actor that fellow must be. Why he has almost made me famous over night! Who on earth is he?"

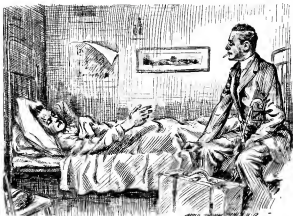
His valet entered with a note. It was signed "James Mallory," and was sufficient to make him dress and call for a

suitcase. He insisted upon packing it himself, a proceeding which increased the valet to the very last degree.

After some trouble, Van Bibber succeeded in locating the address given in the note, in a mean side street in a poor quarter. He climbed innumerable dark stairs, the grip banging his knees at every step, to the top floor where he lit a match and finally made out the door he sought.

"Poor chap, he must be on his uppers," he thought as he rapped.

"You did! Well, my dear fellow, you don't know me. Send a man, after all you did for me! Why, that speech of yours is in all the papers! You have made me famous! Or rather you are famous, but I am given the credit. Lord, what an ass you must have thought me last night. I'm awfully ashamed of myself, and awfully grateful to you, and I want to thank you, and— Oh, hang it all! What do you live in a place like this for?"



THE TINY ROOM WAS ICEY COLD AND IN THE UGLY IRON BED, WHICH HALF FILLED IT, LAY HIS COUNTERPART.

"Come in!" cried a voice in answer.

The tiny room was icy cold and in the ugly iron bed which half filled it, lay his counterpart.

Evidently he was not expected, for the man in bed flashed a painful red at sight of him. Somehow he felt like an intruder, and, for a moment, both were silent.

"I thought you would send a messenger or— or your man," stammered his host, drawing the thin bed-clothing closer around his shoulders.

Mallory laughed. "For the same reason I stay in bed while my clothes are being returned, because I'm stone broke."

"Gee!" said Van Bibber, expressively. "That's fierce. But how in thunder a chap that can make a speech such as you made last night can be broke is more than I can see. Excuse me. I have a great way of saying what I think first and then thinking about it afterwards."

Mallory looked annoyed for an instant, but at this ingenious remark he laughed.

"Sit down Mr. Van Bibber. There is not much choice in seats. There is that three-legged affair my landlady calls a chair, and the corner of the bed."

"Ah! there sits a wise man," he exclaimed in mock admiration as Van Bibber seated himself on the bed. "I see you do not trust yourself to shaky devices when you know what your are about."

"Since you ask me, and the morning after the night before is a good time for moralizing, I'll tell you how I came to be in this beastly hole. I'm sure you will understand, for if my memory does not fail me you were about three sheets in the wind yourself last night, and I fancy about ready for another Bromo and the kind attentions of old R. E. Morse. Am I right?"

"You bet you are," said Van Bibber. "Well," continued Mallory, "behold in me, the biggest ass of the twentieth century. I won't give you all the harrowing details, only the main points. My father gave me a college education; and as I wanted to follow in his footsteps to the extent of being an engineer put me through for that, besides giving me the best in the world on a silver plate, along with it. After he died I was alone in the world with a very sizable fortune, and having no sense, I threw it away; the same old story—wine, women and song, though in my case it was mostly wine. One fine day I woke up flat broke and the unhappy possessor of a terrible appetite that demanded to be pampered and satisfied whether I was rich or poor. Since then I have had a long, hard pull, and more pulling in sight." For a moment he seemed to look beyond Van Bibber back into a painful past. "But, thank God, I am my own master once more. There were times when it seemed to me that I would be an abject slave forever. It was a fight for your life, but I won! That's the whole story in a nut-shell."

He laughed a little awkwardly. "I don't know why I should bore you with advice, as you did not ask for any, but since I've got this far, might as well offer it. Let it alone, or at least be mighty careful. If you don't you will be down and out sooner or later. It's no fun to have to climb out of a pit ten thousand feet deep with blue monkeys and pink snakes

hauling you back every step—take it from me. To see some more slang, beat it while the beating's good. I hope no harm has come to that suit of mine," he added briskly. "It's the only one I have, and I've got to hustle for a job or I'll be sleeping in the park by the end of the week."

His little story had made a deep impression on Van Bibber, but this reminded him. He gravely opened the suitcase and laid out the dingy brown suit, thrusting his own in its place.

"That's the most convincing temperance talk I ever heard," he said solemnly. "And I'm a Chinaman if I don't take your advice, Mallory. By the way, was your father of the firm of engineers who built that string of bridges in India about the eighties?"

"Yes. That was his firm, and I served my apprenticeship, as it were, on that contract."

"Well!" said Van Bibber. "Now I know who you are. By George, what luck! You are just the chap we are looking for. Dad has a contract in the west, and was saying only yesterday, that if we could find a chap like Mallory to handle it for us, we would be in clover."

He jumped up and searched his pockets for a card. "Here is where our office are, Mallory. Come on down as soon as you can and we will talk it over. By Jove, that was a lucky speech you made, eh? Hurry up now. I'll expect you by one o'clock this afternoon. I'll get out now so that you can dress." He snatched up the suitcase and was clattering down the stairs before Mallory had recovered his breath.

It so happened that Van Bibber, senior, had a bad cold and was prevailed upon to stay at home that day, so when Mallory presented himself at the office, Van Bibber met him and insisted upon carrying him off to his home to meet his father and to have luncheon.

That he made an instant and favorable impression on the elder member of the firm was very apparent to his delighted patron, but his sharp eyes failed to note that the impression on the beautiful daughter of the house was even greater.

He came often to dinner, and it was not long until there was a very pretty little romance under way which pleased Van Bibber immensely.

It was only a matter of a short time until arrangements were complete and Mallory was appointed as the manager of the new contract in the west.

What absurd excuse Mallory made to get rid of Van Bibber's superfluous presence in the parlor the last evening he was to spend there before leaving for the west, we really cannot say, but it served.

What was said, of course, we did not hear, and not being there could not count the tears in Miss Van Bibber's blue eyes as she said good-bye to her adored brother's brilliant double, whom she regarded as just as nice and whom she loved, well, perhaps not just as she did Van Bibber; but we do know that Mallory distinguished

himself in the west, that business brought him back to the city very often, and that he made it a point to call at the big stone mansion every time.

Also, that at the end of the year he was made a member of the firm, that Van Bibber reformed entirely, that there was a quiet wedding at the family mansion in June; and that Van Bibber, senior, loves to refer to James Mallory as "one of my sons."

Only the other day we saw the old gentleman gravely superintending the feeding of the gold fish in the park by no less a person than James Van Bibber Mallory, aged three.



NOTHING NEW

"There's nothing new beneath the sun"—
So doth the ancient proverb run.
No joke to crack that isn't old,
No tale to tell that isn't told,
No line to pen
That's not been done by other men.

No play to write that's left unwrit
By some old-time dramatic wit;
No thing to paint, no mood to limn,
Remaining from the ages dim;
No song to sing
That did not in the old days ring.

Ah, well, perhaps the proverb's true,
And in this world there's nothing new;
Yet naught I care if it be so—
Some old things still retain their glow,
And I know well
One spot where still they weave their spell.

Two lips, I know, not far away,
With blissful fruitage day by day,
And eyes that with their glances send
Rare messages that I would heed.

All old, maybe,
And yet as good as new to me!
—John Kendrick Bangs in *Amulet's*.



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT REGINA.

A BIG BUILDING ERA

SOME PRACTICAL EVIDENCES OF CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT IN
MODERN STRUCTURES ERECTED DURING THE PAST YEAR

By JOHN HOLT

It has been said that the moral fibre of its citizenship constitutes the essential element of a nation's wealth. Vitally important as that is, the value and necessity of material resources should not be despised. A nation to be truly great must have wealth, commerce, buildings, railways and bridges. In previous articles in this magazine Canadian railway development and bridge-making have been treated; this month the Big Building activities of the past year in the Dominion are reviewed. While the period was marked by some inactivity the records are such as to impress the reader that these are days of Big Building in Canada.

THERE was no boom in building last year. At most it was an "off" year. What with elections and one thing and another a good many enterprises were held up for a while and a lot of the Big Building which justly should have fallen to the share of 1911 was held up also to swell the coming totals of 1912.

Yet in this year of slackness there was an average increase of over 30 per cent in the amount spent on building throughout the Dominion. And the total came to double, or nearly so, the amounts spent in 1909. Pretty good, considering.

But these are days of Big Building in

Canada, literally, figuratively and every other way. In all 1911 was a good, sound, normal year and the fact that it was not a violent record breaker must not be held to its discredit. As one building authority says of the figures: "They reflect a condition which for general and consistent progress stands without parallel in the building records of the country."

Big Building nowadays, record breaking or otherwise, means also big buildings. In this respect as well 1911 was a good, sound, conservative year. It occupied giving Toronto the tallest office building in the Empire, we did 1910, or of breaking

this record with a still taller one as well 1912, but it accomplished some pretty imposing buildings nevertheless. Moreover it has done the heavy spade work for very many others which will fall to the credit of 1912.

In the last three or four years big buildings have become commonplace in Canada. Even a "so-so" year like 1911 sees so many new buildings erected that it is impossible to keep track of them. What's more, it is difficult to keep track of them mentally as well as in fact—one's ideas have to be constantly under revision; what was a big building the year before last will make a noise like a mere horn when compared with the erections of the year after next.

You remember how your city used to glow with pride when it got a new seven-story business block, or a public library

ere; Montreal, \$15,715,859; Winnipeg, \$17,555,400, and Vancouver, including North Vancouver, \$18,425,110.



THE STANDARD BANK BUILDING, TORONTO.

or a fine big railroad depot. The local papers ran special pages illustrated by architects' drawings and half-tone cuts, and news of your acquisition echoed from Halifax to Esquimaux. But now you hardly glance at your brand new skyscrapers. Perhaps you mildly ejaculate "Why?" there's the Bank Building finished. I wonder what their office rents are." This is significant.

In Big Buildings the figures for 1911 show Canada's four principal cities running a pretty close race in development, with Toronto leading by a length or so. During 1911 there were building permits issued in Toronto to the extent of \$24,374,539, while the figures for the other three cities



MR. J. C. EATON'S NEW RESIDENCE, TORONTO.

Figures like these represent a good deal of bricks and mortar, or, as we are learning to say, "steel and terra-cotta." Vancouver and Winnipeg take seventh and eighth positions in record of progress of all the cities on the American Continent. Toronto has only New York, Cleveland and Chicago.



THE UNION BANK BUILDING, TORONTO.

While the big cities are thus keeping within a few millions of one another it is from the smaller places that the real big figures come; big in proportion, that is to say, if not large in actual amount. Some of these western towns fairly take one's breath away. Medicine Hat has an increase in its building permits of 261 per cent. while many others, such as Calgary, Regina, Moose Jaw and Saskatoon have increases running from 90 per cent. to 130 per cent. It is a pity that figures are not available from some of the still smaller places—the new towns with histories hardly going back more than two or three years. Undoubtedly a very big percentage of Canada's big building is being done in such places and they are acquiring big buildings which, though they may be only

galvanized iron grain elevators, have quite as much cause to be proud of themselves as the cities' skyscrapers.

It is chiefly in the east that the slackness of the building last year has made itself felt. In general the percentage increases are small in the eastern towns and in several cases there are actual decreases, Peterborough, for instance, has fallen off as much as 33 per cent.

However, between them 31 Canadian cities have spent, in round numbers, \$130,000,000 during the past year. This is certainly Big Building for an "off" season.



THE KENT BUILDING, TORONTO.

It is the Big Buildings rather than the Big Building which appeal most to our imaginations. To the average man it is the big office blocks, universities, churches, factories, and so on, which are the outward and visible signs of this outpouring of good hard money rather than the square miles of comfortable dwellings and small

stores which the bulk of the total goes to create. It is only when he sees his business district soaring skyward that a man feels that his town is really beginning to get a move on.

About three years ago the West began

realize the full height and size of this new station. One would hardly think, for instance, that it was half the height of the Traders Bank in Toronto, yet it measures 100 feet from floor to dome of the great central rotunda and contains some 250,000 feet of floor space.

The new Saskatchewan Parliament Building at Regina is the only other western achievement of the year which ranks with the above. Both architecturally and in size it equals the legislative buildings of any of the other provinces. Very shortly Regina will have another big building in the \$275,000 Methodist College which was started last year and which again will be supplemented by a \$150,000 women's building.



THE NEW CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY BUILDING, INCLUDING THE GRAND PRINCE PACIFIC QUARTERS, AT WINNIPEG.

to compete with the East in point of actual size of its buildings. Montreal and Toronto soon will have nothing on Winnipeg and Vancouver in this respect. Indeed, even now it is more in the number of their big buildings than in their size that the older cities are in the lead.

Take one of last year's western achievements as an example—the big new depot of the G.T.P. and C.N.R. at Winnipeg. In point of size this really magnificent building is equal to anything similar in Canada; except perhaps the big C.P.R. terminal at Montreal, the enlargement of which, by-the-by, came under last year's building achievements.

From the somewhat squat, square nature of the architecture it is difficult to



THE ROTUNDA OF THE C. N. R. BUILDING AT WINNIPEG.

The most noticeable feature of the year both east and west has been the increase in the number of big office buildings, not twenty-storey record breakers, but good, substantial eight to ten-storey edifices. Indeed last year may be said to have seen



THE CANADA LIFE BUILDING, VANCOUVER.

the acceptance of the "quarter of a million dollar" building as a sort of standard. Other years have seen these buildings going up experimentally so to speak, but the number built during quiet 1911 shows that a crop of such buildings is now to be accepted as part of the normal state of things.

The Kent Building, one of Toronto's 1911 productions, is a good example of this standard type and it indicates how big are the big buildings which 1911 has seen. Even the greatest cities of the old world hardly have so fine a standard. Such a building contains some 1,500 to 2,000 tons of steel and perhaps a couple of

million bricks, yet the record of 1911 indicates that the business section of every considerable Canadian town will, in a few years, consist very largely of blocks of this type. The Toronto General Trust Building and the new Toronto building of the Standard Bank are further illustrations of what is meant by this "standard."

Vancouver, perhaps, built the greatest number of these blocks in proportion to her size. The "single tax" in that city, which exempts buildings from taxation, has proved an enormous stimulus to improvement and during 1911 Vancouver acquired a dozen or more of what can properly be called Big Buildings of which the Canada Life and Holden Buildings are good examples.



THE HOLDEN BUILDING, VANCOUVER.



THE HOLLY LODGE APARTMENT HOUSE, VANCOUVER.

The biggest office buildings of the year fell to the share of Montreal in the new headquarters of the Dominion Express Co. and the Transpacific Building at the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets. The former contains several new features which are interesting, such as an all night elevator service and ice-water laid on to every office from a central refrigerating plant. These show how the standard is improving in these office blocks. There is a growing demand for greater luxury and more and more convenience.

The new home of the Sterling Bank at Winnipeg is another western Big Building which should be mentioned, though 1911 has not seen it actually completed. Calgary, too, built five or six fine blocks costing from \$160,000 to \$250,000 apiece.

The huge Roman Catholic Cathedral at Haileybury is one of the nearest approaches to a record that 1911 has made. It has been

nearly two years abuilding and was formally opened last Christmas Eve. It has capacity for upwards of 2,000 people and is one of the biggest churches in Canada. Considering its situation on the very fringe of northern civilization—in a six year old mining camp—it establishes a real record in Big Buildings. St. Paul's Church in Toronto is the only other ecclesiastical building of the year in Ontario which can claim a similar place among Big Buildings.

By a few months 1911 misses the real building record of many years. This is the new General Hospital in Toronto which extends over the whole of an exceptionally large city block. The exterior of the hospital is now practically entirely complete, and indeed one section is quite finished and in actual use, but it will be well on in this year before the whole ten acres of buildings will all be in working order.



FIRST SECTION OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL AT TORONTO, TO BE COMPLETED AND UTILIZED



DOMINION EXPRESS BUILDING AT MONTREAL

Another feature of 1911 has been the great growth in the number of apartment houses; in every big city there were as many or more big apartment houses built as big office buildings. Here again the year has seen the acceptance of a standard, though naturally there are more departures from the big type in apartment houses than in office blocks. The accompanying illustration of an apartment built last year in Vancouver is an excellent example of the accepted standard. It is impossible to obtain exact figures, but an architect who specializes in such buildings estimates that between seventy-five and a hundred were erected last year throughout the Dominion. Further, he gave an opinion that this number might easily be doubled during this year.

The year 1911 also saw a great improvement in the standard of private residences. The biggest was the fine house built for Mr. J. C. Eaton of Toronto. This will be eclipsed, in point of size, this year by the house which is being rapidly completed for Sir Henry Pellatt. There was the same slackness, however, in residential building as in other classes, except, of course, in the production of the smaller type of dwellings. Naturally every year brings its due crop of these, as nearly as

possible in proportion to the increase of population.

And in reviewing the past year yet another fact becomes apparent. If it is made evident that the accepted average standard is increasing in size it is also increasing very much in beauty. Our Big Buildings are becoming beautiful buildings worthy to take place beside any in the world.

Look, for instance, at the picture of the Toronto General Trust Building. It is merely a business structure in a business street, yet one need only compare it with the similar buildings of ten or five, or even three years ago to see how taste has improved.

With residences it is just the same. A few years ago our rich men did not feel that they had their money's worth if their architects did not cram as much pretentious ornament on their houses as possible. Now we are getting big houses such as that of Mr. Eaton—quietly dignified, large without heaviness—as beautiful, except for the glimmer of age, as the mansions of old England.

Our public Big Buildings—art galleries, libraries, city halls and so on—have been on a pretty high architectural level for some years past. In these therefore the improvement is not so marked; it is evident chiefly in little matters, more attention to detail in the surroundings of the buildings, smoother lawns, better flower beds. The action last year of some of the railroad companies in beginning to encourage the creation of gardens round their depots and the general beautifying of their properties is but a manifestation of a very widespread and rapidly growing feeling.

Seven years and eleven years ago we are building a great deal bigger, and better, than we know. We are building better, if that is possible, than we expect of ourselves—and very much better than outsiders expect of us. A quotation from Kipling will show the truth of this. It was written in the dim past of 1908; to-day you may multiply the Englishman's astonishment by four at least.

"I had the good fortune to see the cities through the eyes of an Englishman out for the first time. 'Have you been to the Bank?' he cried. 'I've never seen anything like it. . . . It's wonderful. . . . Marble pillars, acres of mosaic, steel

grilles—might be a cathedral.' 'I shouldn't worry over a bank that pays its depositors,' I replied slyly. 'There are several like it in Ottawa and Toronto.

'They've given up painting their lodges with vermillion hereabouts.' 'Yes, but what I mean is, have you seen the equipment of their schools and colleges—desks, libraries and laboratories? It is miles ahead of anything we have and—no one ever told me.' 'What was the good of telling? You wouldn't have believed. There is a building in one of the cities on the lines of the Sheldonian but better, and if you go as far as Winnipeg you'll see the finest hotel in all the world.'

"Nonsense," he said, 'You're pulling my leg. Winnipeg's a prairie town.'

Catch a newly arrived Englishman and show him some of the new buildings in your city. If you tell him that 1911 was not much of a Big Building year, that it accomplished comparatively little in the way of Big Buildings he will certainly accuse you of leg pulling. But it is true nevertheless. This year we are going to do very much better.

And this is no idle boast. Already this spring Canadians in all parts of the Dominion have seen evidences of a building boom. Following a year of normal activity the period of 1912 promises to be a record one, both in point of the number and the cost of new structures. In the larger cities, particularly in the east, the season opened early; in fact, operations were continued throughout the winter in many parts. The result is that the advent of spring will witness a building year well advanced and giving promise of eclipsing all previous records.

The meaning of it all is that Canada has struck its pace. It is all a marked evidence of steady and substantial expansion. The country is building for the future. Beyond question the conditions will continue. With the rapid settlement of the west a great stimulus has been given



THE NEW TRANSPORTATION BUILDING AT MONTREAL.

the development of that section, while the east, still the industrial centre of the country, must keep pace with the demands of the whole dominion. As the west grows so must the east, and the process will make for a greater Canada.

What is the dominant note for the future? In what respect will big building most impress itself on the life and progress of the country? It will be in industrial expansion. To meet the larger demands of a growing country the east must increase its manufactured output; to do so, it must also enlarge its factories. Never was the outlook in manufacturing better. And with the rearing of tall chimneys and the throb of industry will come all other things to be desired—busy workmen, thrifty homes, fine cities and a prosperous country.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

By O. HENRY

The poet Longfellow—or was it Confucius, the inventor of wisdom?—remarked:

"Life is real, life is earnest;
And things are not what they seem."

AS mathematics are—or is; thanks, old subscriber!—the only just rule by which questions of life can be measured, let us, by all means, adjust our theme to the straight edge and the balanced column of the great goddess Two-and-Two-Makes-Four. Figures—unassailable sums in addition—shall be set over against whatever opposing element there may be.

A mathematician, after scanning the above two lines of poetry, would say: "Ahem! young gentlemen, if we assume that X plus—that is, that life is real—then things (all of which life includes) are real. Anything that is real is what it seems. Then if we consider the proposition that 'things are not what they seem,' why—"

But this is heresy, and not poetry. We woo the sweet Nymph Algebra; we would conduct you into the presence of the elusive, seductive, pursued, satisfying, mysterious X.

Not long before the beginning of this century, Septimus Kinsolving, an old New Yorker, invented an idea. He originated the discovery that bread is made from flour and not from wheat futures. Perceiving that the flour crop was short, and that the Stock Exchange was having no perceptible effect on the growing wheat, Mr. Kinsolving cornered the flour market.

The result was that when you or my landlady (before the war she never had to turn her hand to anything; Southerners accommodated) bought a five-cent loaf of bread you laid down an additional two cents, which went to Mr. Kinsolving as a testimonial to his perspicacity.

A second result was that Mr. Kinsolving quit the game with \$2,000,000 profit—or—take-off.

Mr. Kinsolving's son Dan was at college when the mathematical experiment in breadstuffs was made. Dan came home during vacation, and found the old gentleman in a red dressing-gown reading "Little Dorrit" on the porch of his estimable red brick mansion in Washington Square. He had retired from business with enough extra two-cent pieces from bread buyers to reach, if laid side by side, fifteen times around the earth and lap as far as the public debt of Paraguay.

Dan shook hands with his father, and hurried over to Greenwich Village to see his old high-school friend, Kenwitz. Dan had always admired Kenwitz. Kenwitz was pale, curly-haired, intense, serious, mathematical, studious, altruistic, socialistic and the natural foe of oligarchies. Kenwitz had foregone college, and was learning watch-making in his father's jewelry store. Dan was smiling, jovial, easy-tempered and tolerant alike of kings and rascals. The two foregathered joyously, being opposites. And then Dan went back to college, and Kenwitz to his mainprings—and to his private library in the rear of the jewelry shop.

Four years later Dan came back to Washington Square with the accumulations of B. A. and two years of Europe thick upon him. He took a siltal look at Septimus Kinsolving's elaborate tombstone in Greenwood, and a tedious excursion through typewritten documents with the family lawyer; and then, feeling himself a lonely and hopeless millionaire, hurried down to the old jewelry store across Sixth Avenue.

Kenwitz unscrewed a magnifying glass from his eye, roused out his parent from a dingy rear room, and abandoned the interior of watches for outdoors. He went with Dan, and they sat on a bench in

Washington Square. Dan had not changed much; he was stalwart, and had a dignity that was inclined to relax into a grin. Kenwitz was more serious, more intense, more learned, philosophical and socialistic.

"I know about it now," said Dan, finally. "I pumped it out of the eminent legal lights that turned over to me poor old dad's collection of bonds and bonds. It amounts to \$2,000,000, Ken. And I am told that he squeezed it out of the chaps that pay their pennies for loaves of bread at the little bakeries around the corner. You've studied economics, Dan, and you know all about monopolies, and the masses, and octopuses, and the rights of laboring people. I never thought about these things before. Football and trying to be white to my fellow-men were about the extent of my college curriculum."

"But since I came back and found out how dad made his money I've been thinking. I'd like awfully well to pay back those chaps who had to give up too much money for bread. I know it would back the line of my income for a good many yards; but I'd like to make it square with 'em. Is there any way it can be done, old Ways and Means?"

Kenwitz's big black eyes glowed fiercely. His thin, intellectual face took on almost a sardonic cast. He caught Dan's arm with the grip of a friend and a judge.

"You can't do it!" he said, emphatically. "One of the chief punishments of you men of ill-gotten wealth is that when you do repent you find that you have lost the power to make reparation or restitution. I admire your good intentions, Dan, but you can't do anything. Those people were robbed of their precious pennies. It's too late to remedy the evil. You can't pay them back."

"Of course," said Dan, lighting his pipe, "we couldn't hunt every one of the duffers and hand 'em back the right change. There's an awful lot of 'em buying bread all the time. Funny they have—I never cared for bread especially, except for a toasted cracker with the Roquefort. But we might find a few of 'em and chuck some of dad's cash back where it came from. I'd feel better if I could. It seems tough for people to be held up for a soggy thing like bread. One wouldn't mind standing a rise in

broiled lobsters or devilled crabs. Get to work and think, Ken. I want to pay back all of that money I can."

"There are plenty of charities," said Kenwitz, mechanically.

"Easy enough," said Dan, in a cloud of smoke. "I suppose I could give the city a park, or endow an asparagus bed in a hospital. But I don't want Paul to get away with the proceeds of the gold brick we sold Peter. It's the bread shorts I want to cover, Ken."

The thin fingers of Kenwitz moved rapidly.

"Do you know how much money it would take to pay back the losses of consumers during that corner in flour?" he asked.

"I do not," said Dan, stoutly. "My lawyer tells me that I have two millions."

"If you had a hundred millions," said Kenwitz, vehemently, "you couldn't repair a thousandth part of the damage that has been done. You cannot conceive of the accumulated evils produced by misapplied wealth. Each penny that was wrung from the lean purses of the poor reacted a thousandfold to their harm. You do not understand. You do not see how hopeless is your desire to make restitution. Not in a single instance can it be done."

"Back up, philosopher!" said Dan. "The penny has no sorrow that the dollar cannot heal."

"Not in one instance," repeated Kenwitz. "I will give you one, and let us see. Thomas Boyne had a little bakery over there in Varlek Street. He sold bread to the poorest people. When the price of flour went up he had to raise the price of bread. His customers were too poor to pay it. Boyne's business failed and he lost his \$1,000 capital—all he had in the world."

Dan Kinsolving struck the park bench a mighty blow with his fist.

"I accept the instance," he cried. "Take me to Boyne. I will repay his thousand dollars and buy him a new bakery."

"Write your check," said Kenwitz, without moving, "and then begin to write checks in payment of the train of consequences. Draw the next one for \$50,000. Boyne went insane after his failure and set fire to the building from

which he was about to be evicted. The loss amounted to that much. Boyne died in an asylum."

"Stick to the instance," said Dan. "I haven't noticed any insurance companies on my charity list."

"Draw your next check for \$100,000," went on Kenwitz. "Boyne's son fell into bad ways after the bakery closed, and was accused of murder. He was acquitted last week after a three years' legal battle, and the state draws upon taxpayers for that much expense."

"Back to the bakery!" exclaimed Dan, impatiently. "The Government doesn't need to stand in the head line."

"The last item of the instance is—come and I will show you," said Kenwitz, rising.

The Socialistic watchmaker was happy. He was a millionaire-hater by nature and a pessimist by trade. Kenwitz would assure you in one breath that money was bad evil and corruption, and that your brand-new watch needed cleaning and a new ratchet-wheel.

He conducted Kinsolving southward out of the square and into ragged, poverty-haunted Varick Street. Up the narrow stairway of a squalid brick tenement he led the penitent offspring of the Octopus. He knocked on a door, and a clear voice called to them to enter.

In that almost bare room a young woman sat sewing at a machine. She nodded to Kenwitz as to a familiar acquaintance. One little stream of sunlight through the dingy window furnished her heavy hair to the color of an ancient Tuscan's shield. She flashed a rippling smile at Kenwitz and a look of somewhat flustered inquiry.

Kinsolving stood regarding her clear and pathetic beauty in heart-throbbing silence. Thus they came into the presence of the last item of the instance.

"How many this week, Miss Mary?" asked the watchmaker. A mountain of coarse gray shirts lay upon the floor.

"Nearly thirty dozen," said the young woman cheerfully. "I've made almost \$4. I'm improving, Mr. Kenwitz. I hardly know what to do with so much money." Her eyes turned, brightly soft,

in the direction of Dan. A little pink spot came out on her round, pale cheek.

Kenwitz chuckled like a diabolic raven.

"Miss Boyne," he said, "let me present Mr. Kinsolving, the son of the man who put bread up five years ago. He thinks he would like to do something to aid those who were inconvenienced by that act."

The smile left the young woman's face. She rose and pointed her forefinger toward the door. This time she looked Kinsolving straight in the eye, but it was not a look that gave delight.

The two men down into Varick Street. Kenwitz, letting all his pessimism and rancor and hatred of the Octopus come to the surface, gazed at the moneyed side of his friend in an acid torrent of words. Dan appeared to be listening, and then turned to Kenwitz and shook hands with him warmly.

"I'm obliged to you, Ken, old man," he said vaguely—"a thousand times obliged."

"Mein Gott! you are crazy!" cried the watchmaker, dropping his spectacles for the first time in years.

Two months afterward Kenwitz went into a large bakery on lower Broadway with a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses that he had mended for the proprietor.

A lady was giving an order to a clerk as Kenwitz passed her.

"These loaves are ten cents," said the clerk.

"I always get them at eight cents up-town," said the lady. "You need not fill the order. I will drive by there on my way home."

The voice was familiar. The watchmaker paused.

"Mr. Kenwitz?" cried the lady, heartily. "How do you do?"

Kenwitz was trying to train his socialistic and economic comprehension on her wonderful fur hat and the carriage waiting outside.

"Why, Miss Boyne!" he began.

"Mrs. Kinsolving," she corrected.

"Dan and I were married a month ago."

VALUE OF PERSONAL APPEARANCE

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD CLOTHES AS AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER AND AS AN AID TO SUCCESS

By Dr. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"Clothes do not make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job," said Herbert H. Vreeland, who rose in a short time from a section hand on the Long Island Railroad to the presidency of all the surface railways in New York City, in the course of an address on how to attain success. "If you have twenty-five dollars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, then go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

THOUSANDS of worthy young people have failed to obtain situations simply because they have not learned the art of clothing themselves properly, of appearing to advantage. It is very astonishing how quickly the quality of clothing is noted to its wearer. If it is of good material, fits well, and is becoming to him, he immediately perceives of its superiority, which is manifested in his increasing self-confidence, self-possession, and feeling of well-being. An ill-fitting and slovenly suit will often demonstrate the best meaning man.

"After a long business career," says a long-headed business man, "my deliberate judgment is that it pays to wear good clothes, fashionably made. I remember when, as a boy, I began my business career at six dollars a week. I was sent on an errand to a swell tailor's establishment of the city. After I had done my errand, the tailor looked me over, and suggested that I should order a new suit. When I explained my financial condition, he said, kindly: 'My boy, whatever it may cost, it would be the best business investment you could make. With fashionably cut garments, your own confidence and self-esteem will be enhanced, and other people will think better of you,' and he generously offered to make me a suit and let me pay for it whenever I could, or not at

all. It was as good an investment as I could have made. The habit it gave me of always wearing good clothes helped me very much in my business career."

The consciousness of being well and fittingly dressed has a magic power in unlocking the tongue and increasing the power of expression. It is a great deal better to economize in other things than to be too saving in your wardrobe.

The advantages of advertising are wisely enough, loudly and widely extolled, but one truth should never be lost sight of: a man's personality and his establishment are his best advertisements for good or ill. The man in the soiled shirt or ill-fitting slovenly suit, may have filled several columns with advertisements, and in a large measure nullified the effect by the carelessness of his dress.

"I believe," said one who had thought seriously on the subject, "that a clean place of business, neat apparel and well-kept hands and finger nails are worth fifty per cent. interest on every dollar a man invests in business." If to these things he adds a pleasant and interested manner, prompt attention, a disposition to serve his customers with exactly what they want, even though it be an inexpensive article, and he may be obliged to send for it, he may confidently count on a hundred per cent. on his invested capital.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," says Shakespeare.

There is a very close connection between a fine, strong, clean physique and a fine, strong, clean character. A man who allows himself to become careless in regard to the one will, in spite of himself, fall away in the other.

"As a general thing an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals," says H. W. Shaw.

High ideals and strong, clean, wholesome lives and work are incompatible with low standards of personal cleanliness.

No young man or woman who wishes to retain that most potent factor of the successful life, self-respect, can afford to be negligent in the matter of dress, for "the character is subordinated to what it is clothed in." As the consciousness of being well dressed tends to grace and ease of manner, so shabby, ill-fitting, or soiled attire makes one feel awkward and constrained, lacking in dignity and importance. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings and self-respect, as anyone knows who has experienced the sensation—and who has not?—that comes from being attired in new and becoming raiment.

Work people whose personal habits are slovenly produce slovenly work; those who are careful of their own appearance are equally careful of the looks of the work they turn out. And probably what is true of the workroom is equally true of the region behind the counter. Is it not a fact that the smart saleswoman is usually rather particular about her dress, is averse to wearing down-at-the-heel shoes, dingy collars, frayed cuffs, and faded ties? The truth of the matter seems to be that extra care as regards personal habits and general appearance is, as a rule, indicative of a certain alertness of mind, which shows itself antagonistic to slovenliness of all kind.

Shy people should dress well. Good clothes give ease of manner, and unlock the tongue. The consciousness of being well dressed gives a grace and ease of manner that even religion will not bestow, while inferiority of garb often induces restraint. As peculiarities in apparel are sure to attract attention, it is well to avoid bright colors and fashionable extremes, and wear plain, well-fitting garments of as good material as the purse will afford.

Clean, well-fitting garments are not costly. Excellent goods are well made up, and sold for little money. Yet, in dress, it is not so much a question of what one wears as of how one wears it. There has come under my observation lately a striking example of this. A poor young man of good family went as a stranger to a large city. He arrived there with less than twenty-five dollars, and no prospect of employment. His appearance and manner pleased the city editor of a newspaper, to whom he applied for work, and he was given a place as a reporter. He was not possessed of any special gift for writing, and he was in no way an unusual reporter. But his constant care for his appearance, though his salary admitted of his buying only cheap ready-made clothes, and his good taste in the selection of what he did buy, made him a valuable man for occasions where the paper wished to send a well-dressed representative. In this way, he became acquainted with the best-known people in the city, and before he had been there two years, he was more widely acquainted among the most desirable classes than many of his co-workers who were born and reared in the city. To a young man starting out in life, the friendship of such men and women as become his friends is worth more than the salary he receives. To this one, it was due at first entirely to his care in his appearance. Of course, he had to show something more to warrant friendship; but if he had been untidy and careless in his dress, he would never have had the opportunity of showing what he was to those who could appreciate.

By emphasizing the importance of dress I do not mean that you should be like Beau Brummel, who spent four thousand dollars a year at his tailor's alone, and who used to take hours to tie his cravat. An undue love of dress is worse than a total disregard of it, and they love dress too much who, like Beau Brummel, devote most of their chief object in life to the neglect of their most sacred duty to themselves and others; or who, like Beau Brummel, devote most of their waking hours to its study. But I do claim, in view of its effect on ourselves and on those with whom we come in contact, that it is a duty, as well as the truest economy, to

dress as well and becomingly as our position requires and our means will allow.

It is true that clothes do not make the man, but they have a much larger influence on man's life than we are wont to attribute to them. Prentice Malford declares dress to be one of the avenues for the spiritualization of the race. This is not an extravagant statement, when we remember what an effect clothes have in inciting to personal cleanliness. Let a woman, for instance, don an old soiled or worn wrapper, and it will have the effect of making her indifferent as to whether her hair is frizzy or in curl papers. It does not matter whether her face and hands are clean or not, or what sort of slippers she wears, for "anything," she argues, "is good enough to go with this old wrapper." Her walk, her manner, the general trend of her feelings, will in some subtle way be dominated by the old wrapper. Suppose she changes,—puts on a dainty muslin garment instead; how different her looks and acts! Her hair must be becomingly arranged, so as not to be at odds with her dress. Her face and hands and finger nails must be spotless as the muslin which surrounds them. The down-at-the-heel old shoes are exchanged for suitable slippers. Her mind runs along new channels. She has much more respect for the wearer of the new clean wrapper than for the wearer of the old, soiled one. Would you change the current of your thought? Change your raiment and you will at once feel the effect.

During the annual convention of merchant tailors held recently at the Hotel Astor in New York City, Mr. Clarence McCarthy, of Chicago, the president of the association, in an interview for the Evening World said:

"It isn't necessary to be wealthy to be perfectly dressed. Any young man earning a fair salary can save enough to furnish himself with a fairly complete wardrobe. After that it is only a question of exercising good taste and care in the personal appearance."

"Of course, the man of leisure and wealth is able to keep up a tremendous wardrobe, but he need be no better dressed on any particular occasion than the man of moderate means."

"The true test of a man's perfection in dress lies not in the number, quality and fit of the suits of clothes in his wardrobe, but the use he makes of them and the taste he shows in the choice of the little things accessory to the general costume."

"The perfectly dressed man is never out of key. His costume is always perfect in its harmony and appropriate to the occasion on which he wears it. It is merely a question of applying in a more subtle, delicate way the same principle of good taste that makes tan shoes and a red necktie a horror in conjunction with a dress suit."

"The perfectly dressed man need not necessarily wear extremely sober and conservative clothing. Latter day fashion has given him an extremely wide latitude in the choice of brilliant tints of color in tie and shirt, and a large assortment of shades and patterns in cloth for business and lounging suits. A few years ago the man of fashion would never have dreamed of wearing the colorful things now possible."

"Punctilious care as to the immaculate condition of his linen, shoes, finger nails and hair is of course essential to perfection in dress. Along this line there is a little thing that thousands of busy men who think they are perfectly dressed forget. No perfectly groomed man ever allows his hair to grow so long that his friends are able to notice when he has had his hair trimmed at the barber's."

For those who have to make their way in the world, the best counsel on the subject of clothes may be summed up in this short sentence, "Let thy attire be comely, but not costly." Simplicity in dress is its greatest charm, and in these days, when there is such an infinite variety of tasteful but inexpensive fabrics to choose from, the majority can afford to be well dressed. But no one need blush for a shabby suit, if circumstances prevent his having a better one. You will be more respected by yourself and everyone else with an old coat on your back that has been paid for than a new one that has not. It is not the shabbiness that is unavoidable, but the slovenliness that is avoidable, that the world frowns upon.



THE RUSH OF CARS IN THE C. N. R. YARDS AT SASKATOON, B.C.

THE WESTERN WHEAT BLOCKADE

A CRISIS ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES—THE WEST EXPERIENCING
"GROWING PAINS"—A REMEDY FOR THE SITUATION

By ALLAN A. McQUEEN

Of the many big issues which are pressing for solution in Canada at the present juncture none is of more vital importance to the West than the wheat blockade. Nor is there any other fraught with greater danger, for unless drastic measures of relief are taken at once the results will be disastrous. The crisis is the subject of daily discussion in political and business circles. The situation is herein reviewed in all its aspects and outcome are detailed—and a remedy is suggested. The article makes an interesting study in Canadian problems of national scope and significance.

THE present crisis on the prairies has brought to our notice in a most forcible manner this most distressing fact—the West has "growing pains." The increasing rush of immigration during the last ten years with all its attendant faults due to the lack of cohesion on the unassimilated elements, the wheat-mad wasteful form of agriculture, the extensive rather than intensive programme of railway extension, the questionable policies of our banks with regard to farm loans, the lack of even ordinary foresight on the part of the farming community have all helped toward a disproportioned development in

a great many ways. We have failed where we thought we were strongest, and where we prided ourselves on our wisdom. The whole situation may be summed up in a few words.

The rush of European emigration, together with the invasion of moneyed Americans, has resulted in a remarkable increase of agricultural acreage, most of which has been immediately tilled because of the mechanical achievements in farm apparatus. The production of cereals has doubled in ten years, but scattered over an area so vast that transportation to terminal markets is impossible, perhaps for many

months after harvest. In the meantime, the value of the crop steadily depreciates, market prices are poor because of the anxiety to sell and everybody suffers. The farmer cannot turn his potential wealth into cash. The bank deposits fall, the industrial organizations have their capital tied up in unpaid for implements, etc., the wholesale and retail trade of the country is run on abnormal bank overdrafts. And why?—Well—because!

To analyse this answer—"because"—is most difficult. Its component parts are so interwoven, so intricately allied as almost to baffle dissection. The problem may, however, be lucidly dealt with under the following headings: Railway transportation facilities, the banking system, the adoption of mixed farming, the education of the agricultural classes.

Regarding the first mentioned, the remarkable statement issued by Vice-President Bury, of the C.P.R., must give grounds for the deepest consideration to all Canadians. The great questions upon which he merely touches, but which are nevertheless present problems crying out for speedy solution, claim the immediate action of our legislators and the hearty co-operation of our financiers, manufacturers, and grain growers.

WAS IT WRONG POLICY.

"If we are perfectly frank with each other we will have to admit that the development of the country has carried everybody off his feet," said

Mr. Bury. "The rush of immigration, and the introduction of the gasoline tractor (which enables the farmer to break thirty acres a day) has brought the land under cultivation at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. Since 1900 the acreage of grain under cultivation has increased 66 per cent.

It may be asked why the terminal space and the second trucks were not available. Speaking of the Canadian Pacific, I would say that during the past eight years we have had every year more money allotted for improvements than we could expend. The men and the material were not available to complete them, although the work was prosecuted with the utmost vigor. During the last eight years we have collected and reintroduced every cent of our line from Port William to Vancouver, B.C.

I believe that our most resourceful critics wishes to be just, and, if so, he can learn these facts out of conversation. If the railway officers are open to any criticism it would be that in their efforts to build new lines for the development of the country they did not concentrate all their efforts on building terminals, and second, third, and fourth tracks. Let it be remembered, however, that the country has been ready for railway construction, that governments, municipalities and individuals have brought the strongest pressure to bear on the railways in favor of a further construction policy, and that the cry everywhere has been: "If branch lines are not built the flood of immigration would be checked."

The trend of the whole statement is an argument that the railway building policy of the past decade has been wrong in principle. To make room for the tide of immigration, branch lines have been pushed into new territory. Settlers with capital have rushed along these lines and have, by the use of mechanical appliances, "broken ground at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world." The flood of grain resulting from this rapid settlement has choked the main lines of the Canadian railways. What must be done to relieve such a situation?



THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ELEVATORS A AND B AT PORT ARTHUR. THESE ELEVATORS HAVE A TOTAL CAPACITY OF SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS.



ELEVATORS ARE FEATURES OF EVERY TOWN OF THE WEST, BUT THERE ARE TOO FEW TO STORE THIS PAST YEAR'S CROP.

To begin with, the statement: "Speaking of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I would say that during the past eight years we have had, every year, more money than we could expend"—must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. It bears every indication of being merely a blind, trying to fool some of the people that the C.P.R. has done its duty and its whole duty.

Nonsense! to anybody acquainted with the West the position of two great railways is simply this: They have worked hard, and now, with their hands comfortably full with all the work they desire—are just leaning back with a contented sigh and a self-satisfaction. "Well done thou good and faithful servant"—while they take the wealth that comes and slowly improve what they have got.

Very good—but where does the growing West come in? Is not the prosperity of the whole Dominion so absolutely allied to the continued and ever-increasing wealth of the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta that any halt in their development would be a national blow? Most assuredly!

THE PROBLEM IS ACUTE.

Every year the wave of immigration rises higher and higher; every year the demand for new land will become more insistent. It is this demand which must be and can only be met by the pursuance of a progressive policy of railway construc-

tion. Take for instance, such a line as the Moose Jaw-Outlook-Wetaskiwin branch of the C.P.R.—when completed, this road will open up to transportation the most fertile portion of Alberta, a range of country most admirably adapted to the demands of mixed farming.

But even more than this is demanded of the railways. Terminal yard facilities should be made more adequate, new terminal and line elevators must be built and large portions of the main line double-tracked.

It is not enough for these companies to pride themselves on what they have done. Their claim that the West was made possible by the railways is granted. But is not the claim reactive that the wonderful possibilities of the prairies have made the transcontinentals a financial success beyond all dreams. Why, then, should they adopt the picaresque policy of what is known on the floor of the Stock Exchange as "profit taking."

R. R. BUILDING MUST GO ON.

The solution of the present crisis as far as the railways are concerned, therefore, is obvious. It must be a broad-minded far-sighted and generous policy of construction. The coming spring and summer should witness more railway building than has ever been done in the period of our greatest expansion.

On the other hand, due credit must be given to the railway companies that they are earnestly trying to cope with the task of moving the grain. They alone are not responsible for the crowding of the grain on the markets. Considerable blame must be laid at the doors of our banks who are pursuing a most remarkable course for which little extenuation can be found.

The farmer is buying for twelve months in the year, yet for a great period of that time wheat farming is absolutely unproductive in a monetary sense. The agriculturist who buys expensive farm implements is a man of considerable resources which are, however, tied up in his land and his surplus or working capital in his standing crops. The present situation, by reason of which he is unable to meet his obligations to manufacturers and retailers, is most unsatisfactory and detrimental to the welfare of the country since large sums of money are expended in the carrying of the heavy aggregate liabilities which these debts involve. The manufacturer pays out hard cash for materials, labor, selling expenses, etc., and in this manner puts into circulation money which ulti-

mately goes back to the banks. When the manufacturers have to wait for the farmers to get cars or elevator space to realize on grain the outlay not only handicaps the manufacturer but makes the machinery more expensive to the consumer.

ARE THE BANKS PROGRESSIVE?

It seems not only reasonable but also necessary that the banking institutions of the country should seek their own good by alleviating this condition. Reasonable security can be obtained for advances made to farmers with grain stored in private granaries. In this way, settlement of accounts could be greatly facilitated, making for highly increased prosperity to all concerned.

In Western Canada to-day, there is universal dissatisfaction with and little defence for the action of the banks. In fact, it would seem as if there were a deliberate attempt on the part of these institutions to force farmers to crowd their grain on the markets for the benefit of the elevator interests, the confusion of the railway companies, and the financial loss of the grain grower.



NEW ELEVATORS OF THE C. P. R. AT THE MISSION AT PORT WILIAM. THIS IS THE LARGEST SINGLE ELEVATOR IN THE WORLD WITH A CAPACITY OF FOUR MILLION BUSHELS.

The most efficacious way, however, to deal with the present problem is obviously the one which affords the surest relief in the shortest possible time. Such a statement may be termed just ordinary good business common sense. But is the average grain grower exercising even this good business common sense?

Hundreds of thousands of bushels of threshed wheat are lying absolutely exposed or very insecurely housed all over Western Canada for the lack of even ordinary precaution as to storage facilities. A very simple solution to this difficulty has been presented.

Different manufacturers in Winnipeg, Regina, and Calgary are at present turning out corrugated galvanized iron granaries with a capacity of from 1,000 to 2,000 bushels, at the very low cost of from \$65 for the smaller size to \$125 for the larger ones. These granaries are of heavy corrugated iron, rolled to the correct curve for the walls, and already punched for the rivets or bolts. In fact, they are in every way turned out for convenient assembly. They may be easily set up or taken down and are thus portable from place to place about the farm. Moreover, being of strong, weatherproof construction, they afford absolute shelter to the grain.

LOW-PRICED STEEL GRANARIES.

The low initial cost of these granaries is a splendid feature, running as it does to only seven cents per bushel of capacity. This could also be met by the saving in the first year alone—whereas the granaries will have a life of many years.

The advantages are almost too obvious to mention. With accommodation of this kind for his crop the grain grower at once becomes freed of the necessity for storage facilities in the nearest elevator. He can insure his grain thus stored without any trouble and with such security may as easily float a loan at his bank as if it had been dropped off in the elevator. Such immunity from the necessity of immediate marketing of his grain allows the chance of waiting for favorable market prices while the more rational shipping of grain if such a policy were widely adopted would largely solve the transportation problem. Such an investment is, therefore, earnestly recommended to all grain growers.

The ultimate solution of the situation in the North-west, however, undoubtedly lies in the adoption of greater diversity in agriculture. Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Bank of Commerce, who is intimately acquainted with the needs of the country, said in his recent report reviewing economic conditions in the wheat belt:

"There are some subjects known to the farmers in connection with the past season's work which might well cause him to pause and seriously consider. Most important of all is the question of a greater diversity of farming. We refer particularly to the apparent difference of a very large percentage of the farmers to the raising of high-grade cattle, hogs, horses and sheep, and also to the lack of effort on their part to produce such profitable commodities as milk, butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruit, bees, poultry, and all the minor by-products which the farm is capable of producing. Experience has proved that large profits, not long delayed, would be their to intelligently carry out a system of intensified farming."

Also in this connection it is most convincing to once more quote Vice-President Bury:

"The adoption of mixed farming in large portions of the west seems to me the wisest, in fact, the only solution of our troubles. It would arrest the impoverishment of the soil, and give the possibility of a elasticity which might follow two or three successive failures of the wheat crop, and would save this country independence of the day when a great fall in wheat prices might result from the sudden development of Asiatic countries admittedly fertile, which are now inhibited by backwardness with primitive institutions."

The advice of these two men is only what is realized on every hand. That mixed farming will come is admitted by all who have studied conditions in the three provinces. But its adoption is obviously a matter of time.

Granted, however, that greater diversity in farming will eventually be the rule rather than the exception, the matter should be taken up immediately by the Departments of Agriculture and a comprehensive, systematic plan of education evolved.

DEMONSTRATION FARMS.

A demonstration campaign consisting of a thousand mixed farms, run on an intensive principle, in each province would, in a few years, more than realize in return the money expended on them and a lasting impression would have been made up on the agriculture of the country. Any farmer will adopt that which is shown to be for him a good successful enterprise—but very few will blur their own trail.

Considerable attention should also be paid by the Colonization Departments to the education of the new settler along

proper lines. Too much that may be labelled as absolutely untrue in tone has been circulated in literature because of an inordinate desire to please our plains. We may observe the result anywhere in the West. If more conservatism were displayed in the effort to secure colonists and greater liberalism shown in a proper demonstrative education of these people to the best potentialities of the Canadian Market—a great step toward the elimination of "wheat-mining" and grain blockades would be taken.

The situation as presented in these different phases proves to be, not the mere embarrassment of a day but the culmination of the work of a series of great forces. The hysterical outlay of that part of the press which is also aptly described as "peanut minded" against the railway companies, clamorously demanding that conditions be altogether altered for the movement of the 1912 crops appears rather senseless when viewed in its proper light. The railways are earnestly trying to cope with a bad situation. But, and this is where the protest against the railway policy is right, there must be no halt called in con-

struction. The increased expansion of the railways, double tracks, terminal yards and elevators are all real necessities.

The agitation for British Columbia ports is also one of considerable importance in the gripping out of the trouble due to annual grain blockades. They, however, will not be valuable until the completion of the Panama Canal and, in any event, will not be possible grain routes for some years to come. Little enough interest is, however, displayed in Canada regarding the potentialities of the Panama Canal route as a 365 day in the year proposition, which with its low freight rates will be a great factor in transportation.

The solution of the whole difficulty lies with the whole of the people, yet, as has been pointed out, each component part may be separately attacked by a portion of the community. The railways, the bankers, legislators, farmers, agricultural educationalists are all directly to blame for present conditions and thus must all directly help in the remedy. Any portion of this combination is practically helpless without the co-operation of the other.

A PERPLEXED CHILD

I wonder why it takes so long
To make the letters shape a song?
And how the words can ever know—
All down the pages—where to go?
Sometimes alone a letter stands;
Sometimes the words take hold of hands;
I see them gather thick and black,
Then turn about and travel back;
I look just where they were before
And find there aren't any more.
But Mother "Most words are queer
Until you come to know them, dear."
It seems no matter what they do,
She knows where they are going to,
And reads some books all through again.
One song there is about the rain
That has a comfortable sound—
"The rain is raining all around;"
When I just read it in the book
How strange the marching letters look.
But hearing her I seem to see
Ships and umbrellas, field and tree.
—Grace Hazard Conkling in *The Craftsman*.

HER OWN COUNTRY

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

SITTING on the platform of the Klineville church on Easter morning, the choir and organist beside her, and all Klineville before her, the great soprano of St. Mark's said the same words over and over to herself:

"I am a little girl. I wear a red gingham dress and red mittens. When I go home, I shall sit on the little stool and pretend that the settle is a piano, and grandmother will tell me it is time to do the dishes. There is Sally Miller, there are the Filberts. It is all the same, everything else is a dream."

But it was not the same. Her grandmother was not there, Sally Miller and the Filberts had grown old, there were dozens of children whom she did not know. And she herself wore no gingham dress, but a broadcloth suit and a great plumed hat, and her hands were covered, not by red mittens, but by gloves of finest silk. Nor had her heart ever throbbled now in those old days as it throbbled now.

Beside her sat a young man who belonged to Klineville as little as did her first clothes. He was tall and wonderfully clad, according to fashions; he looked suspiciously at Klineville. Across his knee lay several sheets of music; he had the attitude of one who has been forced into a disagreeable situation, and who had not hesitated to protest.

"You will sing in Klineville on Easter, Miss Lohrman? Where is Klineville? What do you mean?"

"Klineville is where I was born. I know everybody. I have promised myself for years that this Easter I should go back and sing them my best song. If you can't go, I'll get some one else to play for me."

The young man ventured another objection; he had known Miss Lohrman a long time.

"You sail on Tuesday, and you're going to sing on Sunday to half a dozen people in a country village!" The young

man stammered; he could hardly believe his own ears.

Miss Lohrman smiled at him. She was one who did not often explain.

"I am going to do exactly that," she said a little thickly.

"But—"

"But I am going."

And Miss Lohrman, being old enough and famous enough and rich enough to do as she chose, had gone. The young man, having great admiration for Miss Lohrman, had caught the early morning train which took her from New York to Klineville. And it is not an easy thing to take a six-thirty train in New York!

The protests of the young man had been no more urgent than the objections of the Klineville organist, who was also the Klineville soprano, and who had not a very kindly disposition. Miss Lohrman, seeing the organist's bright eyes and her set mouth, and the uncompromising greenness of her spring suit, was certain that she knew exactly what the organist had said and how the good old preacher had answered her.

"I have arranged other music for Easter."

"But Ellen Lohrman will come all the way from New York to sing. I guess we must let her sing."

"I don't believe she can sing."

"But let her try!"

"But I won't play for her!"

"She will bring her own player."

Gradually Miss Lohrman puzzled them all out. The organist's name was Effie Truxell—she remembered her as a cross little girl. The alto, she decided, was a Shiller—she remembered the Shiller ears and the Shiller curly hair. The tenor was a Behm—there was a Walter Behm who would have grown to manhood by this time—and the bass was a Hill.

On the music rack lay a copy of "Jerusalem," at sight of which Miss Lohrman was amused. Poor Klineville, to whom

"Jerusalem" was new, or to whom it was still tolerable! She drew a deep breath, remembering suddenly that once she had liked "Jerusalem." But she had come a long way since then; she knew now the difference between good music and bad!

A stranger in the Klineville hotel had heard her sing when she was sixteen years old, as she swept her grandmother's pavement, and had urged her on and helped her to study after her grandmother's death. She had sung first in a little church in New York, then in a great one, she had had the best of lessons, had studied as hard as one could study. More than once she had oversteered the line which divides mere weariness from dangerous fatigue, more than once she had had to rest and wait. She had had, to begin with, a winning face, the possibility of a great voice, and a sense of the dramatic; she had gained the score of other elements which go to the making of a successful singer—power to endure, eternal patience, presence of mind before great audiences, a knowledge of books in her own tongue, a speaking acquaintance with French and German and Italian, a wide knowledge of music, of its literature, its theory—it seemed to her that there were hundreds of things which one must learn. And now she had attained, or had begun to attain, thanks to Mrs. Allen, who had discovered her, thanks to the great, cross, beloved musician who had trained her, thanks to Klineville which had disciplined her orphaned youth. Her grandmother was an invalid, so Mrs. Filbert had taught her to cook and bake, and Sally Miller had taught her to sew, and at the same time to persevere infinitely and to be patient.

This morning she was going to give Klineville the best thanks she could. She could sing superbly, and she would sing her best for them. She was infinitely happy.

Then her face sobered. Sally Miller sat before her, that same patient Sally who had taught her mending without ever a thought of reward. Sally's hands were twisted with rheumatism, her bright eyes looked as though they filled often with tears. Mr. and Mrs. Filbert, who had been her grandmother's closest friends, gazed at her as at a stranger. She remembered that of their four children

none was left them. But she would make them forget their pain and sorrow, she would sing them her most perfect song. She might have sung it in New York to thousands, she would sing it again to little Klineville. And she would come again, she would sing for them often, she would do things for them.

The old preacher rose with outstretched hands for the invocation, and with sudden panic she wondered whether she could sing. The great, grim Bible verse painted on the wall above the preacher's head, the familiar creaking shoes of the late-comers, the curious, half-doubting faces, remembered from her childhood, made the present seem unreal and impossible. Could she sing? Had she ever sung?

Then her mind left Klineville and the little church and the staring, simple people. She saw her master's studio, where reproach had given gradual place to proud approval, she saw the blazing lights, the crowds of the great opera-house, she heard strains of great songs. The sudden rush of affection for her old home and her own people had warmed and opened her heart. A hundred rich suggestions filled her mind—glimpes down long, dim aisles in old cathedrals, odors of flowers and incense, the sound of bells, recollections of great pictures, the remembrance of a mighty storm at sea—all the visions and emotions of a young woman with an intense interest in life and the opportunities of a great career.

She had no fears now! She knew that she held little Klineville in the hollow of her hand. In a moment they would be breathless, men and women would wipe their eyes, children would stare at her. They had no arched ceiling, no Easter procession, no mystic lights, but they should have for once a perfect song. Then she would gather to herself the reward of which she had dreamed oftenest, the honor and admiration of her own people. She knew now how much she loved them.

In a moment she must begin. Her accompanist had asked whether there were a three-manual organ, and she had smiled. She wondered how he felt at sight of the little cabinet organ with its St. Cecilia in the green suit and the worn, popular music on its rack. She half wished that the young woman would sing

"Jerusalem," she pictured to herself the astonishment with which the young man would listen to such a performance.

It was perfectly plain that Effie Troxell did not enjoy giving up her place. As she rose from the organ-stool, she pushed in all the stops, as if she did not wish either to dictate to or to assist the usurper. Effie Troxell did not believe that Ellen Lohrman could sing, she had never heard of the composition which lay on the young man's knee, she wished that they were back in New York.

Ellen rose slowly. She was absolutely sure of herself, yet strangely excited. The movement was a great one; it marked not only her home-coming, but the end of apprenticeship, the end of the hardest struggles of her life.

At the first mellow note, the accompanist felt the tears gather and his own throat swell and close. He knew suddenly that Miss Lohrman had been perfectly right to come back to her home, that she was going to sing as she had never sung before. Then, being a superb accompanist, he put himself and his own emotions aside, and thought only of his work. He played perfectly, so perfectly that even a trained listener would not have been conscious of him, even in the phrases which he played alone. The accompanist was difficult; he played it so easily and so simply that Effie Troxell always claimed that she could have played it better.

It is easy to describe the young man's playing; it is impossible to tell how Ellen Lohrman sang. Her music lay beside her on the chair, she had forgotten it and did not need it. She sang with her whole heart, meanwhile modeling her voice carefully to the compass of the little room. She sang lightly, exquisitely, with crystal clearness of articulation. She sang away the loneliness of an orphaned childhood, the discouragements of her long apprenticeship, she sang the healing of all woes, the victory of all righteousness, the glory of a great hope. It was as great, as flawless, as the most exalting spirit could desire.

Having finished, she sat down, and the young man rose from the organ stool and sat down beside her. He said nothing at first, he could not have trusted himself to speak.

Ellen Lohrman did not know whether he spoke to her or not. The ecstasy on her face had faded, on her brow was a frown, in her heart a half-amused, half-angry amazement.

The congregation was hastening to open its hymn-books, and Ellen Lohrman looked slowly from one to the other, from old David Hilbert to the youngest of the children. Men and women glanced at each other furtively, there were no wet eyes. It did not take Ellen Lohrman long to realize the truth: Klineville had not liked her singing. Her song had not "got over," as a singer would have said. It had fallen flat. Not one person looked her in the eye. The song was new to Klineville, it was not, for some strange reason, the sort of song which Klineville liked. Klineville, dull, ignorant, satisfied Klineville, dared to be disappointed in Ellen Lohrman!

And suddenly, back of her, Ellen Lohrman heard a whisper. It was the girl in the green suit, her words were intended for the basso, and perhaps, also, for any one else who might hear. Ellen Lohrman heard plainly.

"I'd hate to have the people think I thought I could sing, if I couldn't do better than that," said Effie Troxell. "You can hardly hear her. And such a piece!"

Ellen settled herself to listen to the sermon. She wished that she were out of doors, where she could laugh. She had had her great moment, she would sing better for it all her life. She said to herself that Klineville's lack of appreciation did not disturb her for an instant, she cared nothing for Klineville.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman realized that once more her heart was throbbing. More than that, it ached. She did care what Klineville thought. She had wanted to please them, it had never occurred to her that she could not please them. It had never occurred to her to try to recall Klineville's taste, even though she had once shared it. Besides, people should hear the best, they ought to like the best, it was degrading one's art to give them trash. But she had not come to educate Klineville, she had come to please them, and she had failed, and the failure hurt her more than anything had ever hurt her in her life.

The preacher preached, as Klineville would have said, "with power." He was not a great preacher, but he was a forceful one, and the simple, true things he said were driven home with all the vigor of a strong voice and frequent gestures. To him the congregation gave the admiring, close attention which Ellen Lohrman had expected for herself. She acknowledged it with a smile.

Once the young man leaned forward and whispered incoherent praise, and she looked at him absently.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman flushed a rosy red, and spoke to the young man, who looked at her, blinking. What she asked, or what the young man refused to do, Klineville did not know, except that his answer took a short, sharp shock of the head. Then Ellen Lohrman leaned forward and spoke to the young lady in the green suit, who responded with an amazed and supercilious "yes."

The sermon over, the preacher announced a hymn, and the young lady in green took the organ stool once more. The choir, half rising, sat down, and Ellen Lohrman rose. They had not expected her to sing twice, the congregation looked at her with astonishment, the young man stared with parted lips and eyes which threatened to pop out of his head. Klineville, observing him, could not suppress a smile.

The smiles ceased, and Klineville held its breath. There was a familiar chord, another, and yet another, slow, long-drawn, sentimental. The young lady in green pulled out all the stops, even the tremolo, she passed the knee swells with powerful country muscles, she worked the bellows-tremolo mightily. Her motive in playing was not apparent. Perhaps she tilted Ellen Lohrman and wished to give her another chance, perhaps—and it is to be hoped that this is a mistake—she wished to make Ellen's failure more evident and to prove that she herself was a far better player than the young man. In any case, it would take a mighty human voice to sing above the vibrant roar which she produced.

But there was a mighty voice to sing. Ellen Lohrman had never before sung

"Jerusalem," but she knew it as the child on the street knows it. At first she let the young lady set the pace, and a slow pace it was. Half notes became wholes, quarters lengthened to halves, *Andante Moderato* became the most lingering and solemn of Graves. Nor was there any difference in tempo between singer and player. The young lady in green may have held the notes because she liked to hear them, or because she wished to test the singer's capacity. In either case she achieved her object. When, with apparent unwillingness, her fingers slid from one key to the other, Ellen's voice followed, still strong and clear and true; when she pedalled till her face was scarlet, Ellen Lohrman was still there, soaring above her, able for anything.

Then, suddenly, the young lady in green led no longer, but followed. A strange feeling came over her, the same feeling which made Klineville sit up and wide-eyed, a thrill which stirred them as they had never been stirred before. New York had felt it, the accompanist had felt it many times, he felt it now. Even for him, critical, difficult to please, Ellen Lohrman's soul and Ellen Lohrman's voice glorified the song and for the moment made it great. She had begun it almost in mockery, she finished it with devout, triumphant rapture. It left the young man breathless, dumb.

Having finished, Ellen Lohrman sat down, trembling, and looked about her.

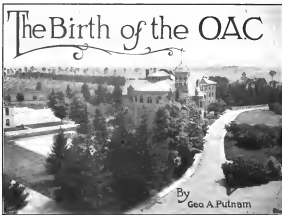
Already she knew what the papers would say the next day:

Ellen Lohrman, to please old friends, forsakes classic for popular. Handel and Roy Jones at the same performance.

She knew what her teacher would say, and now she had a flash of regret.

"My child! Were you mad?"

But Ellen Lohrman did not care. She said to herself that she owed Klineville as much as she owed her accompanist or her teacher or the New York papers. And all Klineville, even Effie Troxell, Klineville, bursting with pride and admiration, looked as one man straight into her tender eyes.



A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF A PART OF THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FARM, GUELPH.

The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, has been the means of establishing the reputation of Canadian agriculture throughout the world. Every farmer in the Dominion is familiar with its history and work. But do Canadians know this institution and appreciate it as they should? Possibly many do, but in any event they will have a better grasp of the subject after reading this article, written by George A. Putnam, Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes for Ontario.

A HISTORY of the establishment and development of the one educational institution which represents the greatest single industry in the leading province of the Dominion, should be of interest to all true Canadians. Those of us who value the O. A. C. at its true worth, realize that there are larger and better things in store for it. With the tendency among the rural population to migrate to the cities and towns, one is forced to conclude, that not only the urban population, but also the residents of the country districts, fail to appreciate the relative importance of agriculture in the ad-

vancement and permanent prosperity of the nation.

In the thirty-seven years past, since the Ontario Agricultural College was established, much change and great advance has marked the history of the farmers' school, as well as the general agricultural methods of the province. There has been an entire reversal of attitude upon the part of those for whom the college was established, and the methods of investigation, experiment and instruction in the institution itself have broadened and have become more perfect in keeping with the advanced agricultural spirit of the times.

It may be that the establishment and the early work of the college, together with the activities of various agricultural organizations, created that spirit which called for advancement in the institution to which the individual farmer, communities of farmers, and provincial agricultural societies have looked for leadership for a generation or more.

How did an agricultural colleges come to be established in Ontario?

There was evidence of a desire on the part of the farmers and some of our legislators and educationists throughout the province, between 1840 and 1850 for some form of systematic agricultural instruction. The appearance of the Canadian Agricultural Reader in 1845, followed by Prof. Hind's text book five years later, indicated the broadening agricultural spirit of the times. The teaching of agriculture in some of the schools was advised by the superintendent of education, Edgerton Ryerson, in 1860, and some years later he published an agricultural text book. A growing realization of the importance of agriculture and the need for some form

of systematic instruction for the farmers, materialized in the first definite steps towards establishing an agricultural college being taken in 1869, by the late Hon. John Carling, Commissioner of Agriculture, to whom also is due the credit of having established the Dominion Experimental Farms at a later date.

MR. CARLING'S REPORT.

In his report for the year 1869, addressed to Governor Howland, Mr. Carling, then Commissioner of Agriculture and Arts for Ontario, spoke in complimentary terms of the system of general education in this province, and then said: "I have a growing conviction that something more is required to give our education a more practical character, especially in reference to the agricultural and mechanical classes of the community, which comprise the great bulk of the population and constitute the principal means of our wealth and prosperity. What now appears to be especially needed, in addition to the ordinary instruction in common schools, is the introduction of elementary



PRESIDENTS OF THE O.A.C.

MR. W. M. JOHNSON.

DR. JAS. MILLS.

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WHERE THE GIRLS ARE LEARNING DOMESTIC SCIENCE, MACDONALD HALL, GUELPH

instruction in what may be termed the foundation principles of agricultural and mechanical sciences, and I hope to be able, in the next report I may have the honor of presenting to Your Excellency, to record the fact of a commencement being made with a prospect of success."

On the 13th of August, 1869, Mr. Carling appointed the Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, a commissioner to visit the principal agricultural colleges of the United States, gain what information he could and report, with the view of establishing in this province a school to give instruction in agriculture and kindred subjects, and to conduct experiments for the purpose of solving some of the problems which confronted those who were engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. Mr. Clarke's report, which appeared on the 8th June, 1870, was concise, comprehensive and scholarly, and withal practical and sensible in its suggestions and recommendations.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE ALSO.

So, in pursuance of his previous intimation, Mr. Carling, in his report for 1870, definitely proposed the establishment of two schools, one for agriculture and the other for mechanic arts, and the outcome of his recommendation and subsequent action was the founding of the School of Practical Science in Toronto, and the purchase of 600 acres of land for a school of agriculture at Mimico, seven miles west of Toronto.

The land was purchased in 1871, and a contract for the erection of school build-

ings for the accommodation of 100 resident pupils, at a cost of \$47,900, was entered into in November of that year. A change of Government that fall was followed by the Hon. Archibald McKellar, the new Commissioner of Agriculture, requesting the Provincial Board of Agriculture and Arts, and afterwards Professor Miles and Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, to examine the site and report as to its suitability for an experimental farm.

Both reports were unfavorable to the site, chiefly on account of the character of the soil and the lack of church and other privileges such as are enjoyed in the immediate neighborhood of a town or city. A commission advised that the site sold, as it was in some respects unsuitable for the purpose in view.

THE STONE FARM IS BOUGHT.

A committee composed of John Dunlop, John Miller, John Dryden, the Hon. David Christie and Robert N. Ball was directed to select a site for the new institution, "The Ontario School of Agriculture and Experimental Farm." In 1873 the Provincial Government, upon the report of the committee, bought the 550-acre farm of F. W. Stone, Guelph, the present home of the O. A. C. The motto chosen was "Practice with Science," and as the years have passed the relative importance of "practice" has become more appreciated, while the necessity for definite and applied science in directing that practice is more evident.

FIRST YEARS OF THE COLLEGE.

The college opened its doors to students on the 1st of May, 1874, with the following staff:—

H. McCandless, from Cornell University, principal.

Rev. W. F. Clarke, from Guelph, rector.
James McNair, from Richmond Hill, farm foreman.

James Stirton, from Guelph, stockman.
Thomas Farnham, from Toronto, gardener.

James McIntosh, from Guelph, foreman carpenter.

Mrs. Petrie, from Guelph, housekeeper.
T. Walton, from Toronto, engineer.

Twenty-eight students were enrolled for the first year. The school accommodated eighteen, ten rooming in the homes of the officers. The students were admitted on the following conditions: Practical work in the field, shop, garden or barn for five hours each day; and in return each received instruction, lodging, board, washing and a bonus of \$50, if at the end of the year he successfully passed the prescribed examinations.

The house and barns upon the farm when purchased were utilized to provide accommodation for students, faculty and stock. The farm-house, with very little alteration or addition, and the barns form-

ed the building equipment for the institution at the beginning. These have been added to and supplemented until now there is a group of buildings which provide accommodation of a kind, but altogether inadequate in many cases, for the following departments:—

"Animal Husbandry."
"Field Husbandry."
"Fruit Growing."
"Dairy Husbandry."
"Poultry Husbandry."
"Chemistry."
"Biology."
"Home Economics."
"Horticulture."
"Farm Mechanics."
"Manual Training."
"Forestry."
"Veterinary Science."
"Physics."
"Bacteriology."
"English."

In addition to the above, there is dormitory and dining room accommodation for 275 students. A first-class library, reading room and gymnasium form an important part of the equipment.

Nearly all the chief buildings upon the campus are shown in the illustrations accompanying this article. These provide class room accommodation for a large



THE MASSEY LIBRARY SET IN ITS BEAUTY AMONG THE TREES—NATURE HAS A WIDER CHARM THAN ART.



THE O. A. C. AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF 1854.

number of students and laboratory accommodation for a comparatively limited number. It is with great difficulty and at considerable cost in efficiency and much additional labor that the largely increased number of students are accommodated.

The growth of the institution is indicated by the addition of new departments and new buildings from time to time to accommodate the ever increasing attendance.

As at most education institutions, the need of additional buildings or equipment was apparent for years before they were secured. At the present time much repetition of lectures and a multiplication of laboratory instruction are found necessary, because of increased attendance in the regular courses and the addition of short courses since the class rooms and laboratories were built.

The southeastern addition to the main building in 1875, and the northwestern front two years later, were the first evidences of growth. In 1880 further additions were made to the main building, and, except for the small addition made in 1907 to provide additional dining room and dormitory accommodation, the "old building" was the same in 1880 as at the present time. This building served not

only as a students' residence, but also contained class rooms, laboratories, library and reading room. The farm buildings were twice destroyed by fire, in 1855 and 1858. The main grain barn, with stabling accommodation for cattle beneath, and extensions for horses and sheep was considerably improved a couple of years ago.

MANY BUILDINGS OF LATE.

Who would even have suggested in the 80's that a gymnasium be provided for farmer students. 1891 saw a gymnasium and a horticultural building erected. A well equipped dairy school building was provided in 1892. In 1894 a poultry plant was established, and a special department for that branch created. Artesian wells were sunk in 1896. A model cold storage was erected in 1900. The years 1901, 1902 and 1903 might be referred to as the "building era" of the institution. During that time the following additions were made:

"Live Stock Pavilion."

"Massey Library."

"Botanical Building."

"MacDonald Hall."

"MacDonald Institute."

While the number of students in the regular courses has increased materially

since the "Golden age of building," the accommodation has remained practically stationary.

FARMERS LACKED FAITH.

In the early history of the institution, the work of the college was discredited by the farming community, largely because of ignorance as to what was being done at the institution, and partly because of mis-statements made in the public press and by public men. The third president of the institution, Dr. Jas. Mills, saw the necessity of getting in closer touch with the farming community, so in 1884 he arranged for some members of the staff, together with a few successful practical farmers, to attend meetings called in the interest of farmers and to be held at a number of different centres in the province. This was the beginning of the Farmers' Institutes, which have grown until the whole province has been well served during the past twenty-seven years by lecturers sent out at first from the college, and later from the special branch created to look after that feature of agricultural instruction. Nothing has done more to place the college in its true light before the farming community than the holding of institute meetings. To-day it is quite the exception to hear the Agricultural College and the work of the men at that place adversely criticized.

An evidence of the growth of the institution is indicated by the additional courses and new features of work introduced from time to time. First, short

courses in dairying were introduced in the early nineties, to be followed by similar work later in live stock judging, poultry raising, fruit growing, bee keeping and housekeepers' course, teachers' courses, etc. The "short course" portion of the college work is now one of its strong features.

IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH FARMERS.

The Ontario Agricultural College is something more than a collection of classrooms, laboratories and books and a staff of professors and instructors, who give instruction to a group of students in regular attendance at the college. By correspondence, the publication of bulletins and reports, attendance at Institute meetings, judging at fairs, addresses at winter fairs and various live stock and other association meetings, as well as at short courses in stock and feed judging and fruit growing at the college, as well as at many points through out the province, the whole farming community is in direct contact with the work of the college, and every farmer may be a student thereof, directly or indirectly.

Through the establishment of a system within recent years whereby district representatives of the Department of Agriculture are placed in some twenty counties, four or five being added to their numbers each year, the instruction formerly confined to the college at Guelph has been extended, to a limited extent, to the High Schools of the country. These district representatives are graduates of the college, who, of course, keep in close touch



DAIRY BUILDING AND HERD AT GUELPH.

with its work, and in addition to teaching in the High Schools, encourage and assist the farmers of their respective counties through various local agricultural societies, such as Institutes, fall fairs, farmers' clubs, fruit associations, etc. They also maintain an office to which the farmers come for assistance and advice in solving various agricultural problems. This system cannot be fully described in a short article: it is equivalent to establishing branches of the college throughout the province.

THE EXPERIMENTAL UNION.

The Agricultural and Experimental Union is and has been for many years a strong bond of union between the college and the farmers. Through its system of distributing proven varieties of grain, roots, etc., throughout the province to be tested and results reported, it has done much to improve the crops of the country

as well as form a bond between the farming community and the college.

The development of the O. A. C. has not been so much a matter of buildings, laboratory equipment, class-room accommodation, etc., as of men. A whole article might well be devoted to a review of the qualifications and work of those who have given up this life's work or have been called to other fields of usefulness. The Province of Ontario has been and is to-day fortunate in having for the most part capable, energetic men in charge of the various departments at the college.

The high place which the O. A. C. holds in the estimation of educationalists, not only on this continent, but throughout the English speaking world, as well as the success of its graduates, at home and abroad, is an accomplishment of which we may justly be proud.



THE DEEP HERD IN PASTURE ON THE O. A. C. FARM

THE CANADIAN THROAT

ADENOIDS, A NATIONAL DISEASE, REVIEWED IN MEDICAL ARTICLE— THE CAUSE AND TREATMENT

By Dr. HELEN MacMURCHY

Among the most valuable and instructive articles appearing in MacLean's Magazine from month to month are the medical contributions from well-known Canadian authorities. This month, "Adenoids," which may be termed a national trouble, is treated by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, under the head "The Canadian Throat." These articles, while they contain much technical information about subjects vital to health, are written in such a way as to be both readable and practical—a diagnosis and treatment on paper which will be of interest and value to Canadian readers. The article this month is particularly timely.

"NOT built that way," says the Man on the Street in his picturesque colloquialism. But how few people know how they are built. It is quite possible that if you caught three good citizens such as the Mayor, the Bank Manager, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Women's Canadian Club, the kindest woman in the city, and the best cook in the county, and asked them all to draw two plans, one of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, and another of their own heads, the plans of the Cathedral would be the more accurate of the two. This is not altogether a disadvantage. It is perhaps better to know too little than too much, especially if that knowledge is gained by sad experience of disease. Better never to explore the anatomy of Highbore than to know too well where it is.

If only we have sufficient knowledge of the rules of health and common sense to keep well, that knowledge will save us from having to know a great many other things.

HOW WE ARE BUILT.

However, the conditions of modern (so-called) civilized life make it necessary to know a few useful things about how we are built. Why, for example, is the head

comparatively a light part of the body? Because it has enormous air-space. Empty. Because the bones have within them smaller air-spaces, likewise empty or filled with spongy tissue or cells of thin tissue, some of which are almost as large as the cells of a honey-comb, and their walls no thicker than the wax walls of the cell in which the honey is stored.

MAIN THOROUGHFARES.

The Mouth, the Nose, the Throat and the Two Ears are a series of chambers and galleries, with intercommunications far more satisfactory than those in any Canadian city street, though there is a fine square in Hamilton and another in Guelph. These thoroughfares for traffic within our heads are rather better planned even than the beautiful "Civic Centres" projected for us, or the fine streets and avenues of Winnipeg and other Western cities. Just as city streets have homes, shops and factories built on them, so we have certain manufactures carried on hard by these air-thoroughfares. Specialized secretions, such as the saliva, amounting daily to about 1,500 ccs. or 100 tablespoonfuls, as 30 cubic centimetres equal one fluid ounce, so important for digestion, must be produced and kept ready. Another necessary secretion is the product

of the mucous glands in and about the lips, mouth and nose, which keeps all those structures in good condition during health and the lack of which largely causes the dry or sore lips of a cold or fever. There must be a right of way and a storehouse for these, and there must also be a right of ingress for food, air being one of our chief foods. These air-passes cunningly covered with tapestries of mucous membrane of a rose pink tint when healthy, and the walls of which are often adorned with scroll work and carving (known to anatomists by the more ordinary names of the superior, middle and inferior turbinated bones of the nose) are primarily intended to receive our air supply. The organ of smell is skilfully lodged hereabout in the upper part of the gallery, a place not altogether unlike the place designed by Sir Christopher Wren for an organ of another kind when he built St. Paul's.

AIR-WAYS.

This air-way receives our air supply and inasmuch as the velvety rose-pink mucous membrane is filled almost as full of warm blood at 100 degrees as your bath-sponge is of hot water when you take a hot bath, it can do more than receive it. It can warm it up, as the hot air furnace warms the cold air coming into the house from outside. Nor is this all—bristles and bristles are thickly set at the entrance to the air-way to screen the dust and bits of coal (smoke is small pieces of coal) out of our air-supply. Finally, inasmuch as your hot-air furnace is not complete without a pocket in its wall large enough to hold a pile or two of water, nature, who knows a trick worth two of that, has made the soft mucous membrane to hold enough and to spare of moisture to bring dry air up to the necessary standard of humidity for safe and comfortable breathing.

MOUTH BREATHING.

But mouth breathers live on cold, dry, dirty air, unwarmed, unmoistened and uncleaned, because the mouth has not the facilities that the nose has for warming, moistening and cleansing it.

Our fresh air, then, clean, moist and warm, should pass freely along the nostrils and throat towards the great main air-way to the lungs.

PINK CORAL.

But does it? That is the question. Is the air-way open? It ought to be. One word before we forget about that rose-pink tinge of health. Do you know it when you see it? Look at your gums. (But that is another story for another article.) Still, take a moment to think about it. Are your gums pink or red? If they are red, as "red as a beet," or as red as red coral, they are not right. They should be about the tint of pink coral. The lips are a little deeper tint but still not quite cherry-red, and the inside of the mouth and the throat and all should be about the same rosy shade that we are trying to describe.

LOOK AT THE THROAT.

Now let us get a look at the throat for that will help in answering the question, is the air-way clear? No. No tongue depressor, or "De Pressor," as I once had it in an official book-keeper's account. No "*Tongue De Pressor*" for us.

Take a little trouble with yourself and the child whose throat you want to see and you will never need a tongue "*De Pressor*." Well, hardly ever. There are exceptions to all rules, but this article is not about exceptions. It is about the ordinary, average Canadian throat.

HOW TO SEE YOUR OWN THROAT.

Take a hand-glass in your hand and go and stand at the biggest window in the house with the sun coming in, if possible. Stand with your back to the window, catch the sun or the best light you have on your glass. Now open your mouth and say "Ah," the way you do when politics don't please you, and throw that beam you caught on the hand-glass right into your throat and there it is.

THE CHILD'S THROAT.

Now about the child. If it is your own Mary or John, you know just what to do. I wouldn't presume to make any suggestions to you how to see your own children's throats. They will do just what you tell them. But if it is somebody else's Mary or John, and the child is the right size, take him on your knee, seating him so that the light falls full on his face. (If you cannot get a good light otherwise an ordinary lighted match does capital.)

Say to the child, "John, did you have your dinner?" That never fails. (But be sure you mention the last meal.) Having got an answer and generally a happy smile too, then say, "What did you have for dinner?" Then say, "Now, open your mouth wide, and let me see where you put the potatoes." You may occasionally need to say, "Now say, ah," or "Put out your tongue a minute, son." But not often.

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

What did you see? A double arch, with the division in the centre formed by a downward projection (the soft palate). Behind the first arch, another arch. Both arches built of muscle and connecting tissue and covered with mucous membrane, and between the pillars of the arches on either side is to be seen a small prominence, not projecting beyond the pillar at the back. This is the tonsil, made of tissue like an ordinary lymph-gland, a curious little body which sometimes grows so large on account of infection or disease that one or both of these arches may be completely blocked.

THROAT BLOCK.

Sometimes the large tonsils actually meet and touch in the middle, under the soft palate, so that one wonders how the poor child ever managed to swallow his dinner, or even a drink of water. It often hurts the child to swallow at all. Now for the point about blocking the air-way of the nostrils, the air-way to the lungs (no thoroughfare in the body more important than that).

ADENOIDS.

It is a good general rule to which there are few exceptions that if the throat has plenty of room under the arches and the child breathes freely through his nostrils then the air-way at the back of the nose is clear and one need not fear adenoids. What are adenoids that we should fear them? Never despise your enemy. We fear them because they grow at the back door of the nose and so can, and do, if enlarged, block up our air-way from the nose to the throat, that is from the nose to the lungs, thus interfering with the work of the lung and so with the capacity of the chest and the general health of the body.

We fear them because they (and the tonsils in the throat too) are very apt to get inflamed and infected and swell up and so close the Eustachian tube, the opening from the throat to the ear on either side, another important air-way, the beginning of which is three-quarters of an inch from the opening of the nose into the throat.

GOON HEARING.

It is absolutely necessary to have this passage open if the ear is to be healthy and the hearing good. Infection of the ear, when it happens, is from the throat through this Eustachian tube. Earache is caused by acute inflammation within that tiny chamber. Hollowed out of the solid rock-like bone, where a chain of bones like the precious stones in a ring, are set so that they vibrate in response to the waves of sound which they transmit thus to the still more marvellous structure of the internal ear and so to the brain itself for interpretation. Probably two-thirds of all cases of ear-disease and deafness in children are thus due directly or indirectly to adenoids. Sometimes the only symptoms of adenoids are due to ear disease, as in this case.

We fear adenoids because these unhealthy conditions lead to chronic irritation and infection of the nose and throat (catarrh) and to many disagreeable and dangerous conditions among which are

THE HARM THEY DO.

The partial or complete loss of the sense of smell and the sense of taste. This loss is a serious one and has a bad effect on digestion. There is another way in which digestion is interfered with. The mouth breather on account of the nostrils not being used and the facial muscles not developed nearly always has the jaws and teeth somewhat deformed. The arch of the jaw is narrowed and the teeth are crowded and irregular, the upper teeth projecting in an ugly manner. Each tooth in the lower jaw instead of meeting fairly and squarely its fellow of the upper jaw, falls outside or inside or to one side or the other and so does not work well or wears well. The teeth are apt to decay, mastication is not satisfactory and the digestive organs, instead of being perfect become inadequate or even diseased.

Thus we have three of the principal senses, hearing, smell and taste, attacked by this enemy and moreover, the general health is so lowered by it, and the education of a child is so affected by his dullness of hearing and general mal-nutrition that the good effects of removing this enemy sometimes are sudden and great enough to seem almost marvellous.

WE FEAR ADENOIDS BECAUSE

The appearance of a child is markedly disfigured by habitually breathing through the open mouth, and unless this matter is remedied in children both the damage and disfigurement become permanent and cannot be removed, in an adult.

We have a nasal discharge that resists treatment, frequent enlargement of the glands of the neck, noisy respiration and snoring, breathlessness, an unpleasant tone of voice, a characteristic, dull and unresponsive facial expression, an attitude differing greatly from the upright dynamic posture natural to the human race, deafness, poor respiration, impaired indigestion, poor smell and dull or difficult hearing, a great many nervous habits such as stammering, night-terrors and bad dreams, and chronic cough. Spasmodic croup and "catching the breath" in the infant is caused by adenoids. Generally the chest is not well-developed but retracted, and has on the average only about four-fifths of the average capacity.

In more advanced cases the face is seriously disfigured by lack of development of the facial muscles and muscles of expression, by projecting teeth in the upper jaw, by the lower lip and chin hanging down, and so the enjoyment of life and vigor are not what they ought to be, because all these things are depressing and ought not so to be.

But early removal, where such removal is indicated, makes almost a beauty, or at least an attractive child out of the poor victim. Children with adenoids are often ten pounds below the average weight, four inches below the average height, and two years behind the average place in school, for children of the same age.

THE CAUSE.

This adenoid and lymphoid tissue is normal and should be present of the roof

of the nasopharynx. When it is enlarged so as to cause obstruction we call these enlarged growths adenoids. Adenoids were first discovered in 1870 by William Meyer, a Danish doctor, who died a few months ago. They vary much in size and exact position. They occur most frequently between the age of three and twelve years and then tend to disappear. But when they disappear they often leave behind them the dire consequences described above.

The exact cause is unknown. But we know that frequently several members of one family are affected and that adenoids prevail in the Temperate Zone, where we have sometimes damp and sometimes cold weather, where rheumatism is a common complaint.

Sir William Osler says there are more mouth-breathers to the acre in England than in any other country. We see a great many among the Scotch Canadians. Travel through Italy from north to south and the mouth-breathers among native Italians gradually disappear. But we do see adenoids among Malays on the Equator and among Esquimaux at the North Pole.

THE TREATMENT.

Should enlarged tonsils always be removed? Not always. Ask the family physician. If the child is in perfect health and there is plenty of room in the thoroughfare of the throat the doctor will tell you that a moderate enlargement of the tonsils will disappear soon after the age of twelve years. But if the child has frequent colds and tonsillitis every winter, the advice of the physician will probably be to have them removed.

Should adenoids be removed? The answer is the same. What is the condition of the child? It is a mistake to think that every child who breathes badly through the nose should be operated on.

THE HANDKERCHIEF TREATMENT.

Has the child a handkerchief? Did you ever train the child to use a handkerchief? Or is he driven to the surreptitious use of a coat sleeve, or has he a chronic sore nose? Don't you remember how your mother held a warm, clean, soft handkerchief to your nose and said to you encouragingly, "Oh, what a dirty nose—

now blow, blow hard." And you learned to keep your nose clean. It took you almost as long as it did to learn to keep your hands clean and not quite as long as it did to teach you to keep your neck and your ears above suspicion.

A BIG BREATHE.

The routine use of breathing exercises and of general physical exercise of any kind is also a great help. Many children and adults too go for months without taking one great full breath of air such as will ventilate the entire lung space. The blocked nostril is rather a bad sign. The Tubercle Bacillus and most of our other foes flee from the face of a man or woman who uses all the air space of the lungs. All the Tubercle Bacillus wants is to be left alone in a dark corner where the air is stationary. Take a deep breath, a big breath.

MEDICAL INSPECTION HELPS.

Medical inspection of schools in England has already greatly helped in this matter. In Brighton Dr. Forbes reports that in the examination of 6,273 children, 22 per cent were found to be mouth-breathers in 1900. In 1910, only 13 per cent were mouth-breathers. This improvement has been made by taking seriously the education of the children in the proper use of the handkerchief and in routine breathing exercises. Handkerchiefs are made in the sewing classes and sold to the

children at a price of one cent or two cents. It is always found that any attention given to such matters does good. When the teachers take an interest in the presence of the handkerchief, the handkerchief comes by and by. If you want the handkerchief, ask for it. The demand created the supply.

TO CLEAN THE NOSE.

The hard and dry mucous that blocks the nose may be dissolved by oil or ointment, or more effectively still, by any warm alkaline solution, such as a teaspoonful of baking soda in a cup of hot water.

OPERATIVE TREATMENT.

When all this has been duly said and believed, it still remains true that the removal of enlarged tonsils or adenoids or both is a great boon to the child requiring it. No operation has had more brilliant results. About 90 per cent. of those so operated on improve greatly at once. It is not at all a serious or painful operation, and if it is necessary, it should be done as soon as possible. But like other skilled performances, this operation is not as easy as it looks and should be carefully done. The child needs special treatment (under the doctor's direction) for a few days afterwards and special supervision as to nasal respiration and general hygiene, in order to secure to the child the best kind of Canadian throat.

A NOBLE LIFE

Wouldst shape a noble life?

Then cast no backward glances toward the past,
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou set as one new-born.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

—Goethe.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING IN THE
BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

The End of the Gould Railway Dynasty

ONE of the most significant phases of the present railroad situation is the extent to which the children of Jay Gould are losing control of the family properties," writes Burton J. Hendrick in "The Passing of a Great Railroad Dynasty," in *McClure's Magazine*. "Of the dozen railroad lines that make up what is commonly known as the Gould system, only one is now paying dividends. The backbone of the Gould financial power, the Missouri Pacific Railroad, has been running for several years under a heavy annual deficit, and last year did not earn all the interest on its bonds. Since 1908 five Gould railroads have gone into the hands of receivers. The family has given up control of the Manhattan elevated lines in New York City, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and of practically all of its railroads east of the Mississippi River. In financial circles George J. Gould, the family head, is commonly referred to as the 'Sick Man of Wall Street,' and already the great powers of that section are planning the dismemberment of such dominions as he still retains within his somewhat unsteady grasp.

All this is especially remarkable because the Goulds have shown the utmost tenacity in holding on to their railroad power. None of the great railroad families of America have exercised so complete and unified a control over a great railroad system. In his will, Jay Gould resorted to all possible expedients to assure this unquestioned domination. He left his fortune, generally estimated at \$75,000,000, as an intact whole in the hands of trustees. The trustees were his four eldest children: George, Edwin, Howard, and Helen. The

Goulds have done all in their power to carry out his intention in spirit and in fact. All four sons, George, Edwin, Howard, and Frank, personally assumed control of the family properties; they elected themselves and their representatives directors of the Missouri Pacific and other allied systems, parceled among each other the presidencies of affiliated lines, and jealously arrogated all the details of management.

And the railroad "empire" over which the Goulds for many years maintained this unquestioned supremacy was a wide and fruitful one. It extended from Detroit in the east to Ogden (Utah) in the west—from Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City to New Orleans and El Paso. There was hardly a great railroad "gateway," or centre of traffic, which the Gould system did not reach. There it was—the Gould system, nineteen thousand miles of railway, the greatest single mileage ever controlled by any one railroad power. It comprised possibilities of development such as have opened upon the vision of no other American railway "magnate." It was one of the few railroad systems west of the Mississippi River which had gone through the panic of the nineties without a receivership; and it was the one which, with the dawning of better times after the Spanish War, seemed destined to reap the heaviest harvest.

The Goulds are losing control of their ancestral domains because, like the Vanderbilts, they have attempted to do two incompatible things—five lives of idleness and luxury, and at the same time personally control great enterprises. Only one of Jay Gould's six children, Helen Miller,

a woman distinguished for philanthropy and patriotism, has aroused wide public esteem. Jay Gould, however, evidently entertained the highest opinion of the abilities of his eldest son. "My beloved son George," he says in his will, "having developed a remarkable business ability, and having for twelve years devoted himself entirely to my business, and during the past four years having taken entire charge of my affairs, I hereby fix the value of his services at \$5,000,000."

In addition to this honorarium, Jay Gould gave his son voting power upon the family estate, in case of a disagreement among the trustees, thus virtually making him the dictator. In 1892, when Jay Gould died, the opinion of Wall Street hardly indorsed the judgment of this remarkable will. George Gould was young—only twenty-eight—retiring in disposition, soft-voiced, unaggressive, and consequently not widely known. It was generally believed, however, that he was no idler, that he aspired to earn a reputation for himself, and that, in particular, he was ambitious of removing the stigma from the Gould name. The outside public probably knew him best for his romantic marriage to Miss Edith Kingdon, a charming New York actress of high personal character. There was a general disposition to "give the young chap a chance," a feeling heightened by the serious interest which he soon manifested in his railroad properties.

In these early days George Gould regularly made trips over his roads; he formed important and useful banking alliances in Wall Street; he took a prominent part in the reorganization of other lines, and even made large plans for the extension of his own interests. In 1899 or 1900 the financial district had revised its early estimate and had begun to look upon George Gould as the future dictator of the railroad situation. About this time, however, he began to manifest less promising traits, "Society," with all its distractions, now laid heavy claims upon his attention.

The sacred Knickerbocker portals, which had been closed to his father, opened wide to George Gould and his delightful family. He spent several millions on an elaborate country place at Lakewood, New Jersey. He leased hunting preserves in

England, and displayed a marked interest in horse-racing, dogs and polo. He spent a large part of his time on yachts, and the George Goulds began to be known as among the most lavish entertainers in New York. For the last few years the newspapers have been filled with stories of their country homes, their jewels, their dinners, their balls, their yachting trips, and their "coming-out parties." The entertainment that "introduced" the eldest daughter, Marjorie Gould, was an occasion of the utmost grandeur. According to the circumstantial newspaper accounts, several continents were rummaged to make the celebration an ostentatious success. American furnished banks of roses, England some five thousand orchids—solemnly appraised by the newspapers at one dollar each—the South Seas sent Kentia palms, while the southern part of France was levied upon for its choicest wines.

Undoubtedly, George Gould's inattention to business in recent years has been due, in no small part, to the fact that he is a good father; that he has wished to exercise and associate with his growing sons, and, being a rich man, has been able to choose between home life and office work. Unfortunately, he has always been extremely jealous of delegating his official power. He developed the habit of suddenly going to Europe and leaving nobody behind with authority to make a business move. If his subordinates assumed such authority during his absence, they frequently suffered the humiliation of having their ideas over-ruled. Gould, from the first, manifested the family characteristic of looking upon the Gould railroads as family perquisites. "Rensmy, can't I own my own property as I want to?" he once testily remarked to the president of the Wabash, who had entered a protest against certain of his acts.

Although nearly all of the so-called Gould railroads operated in the Western States, with their official headquarters at St. Louis, Chicago and Salt Lake City, the actual offices were always at 195 Broadway, in London, Paris, or wherever George Gould happened at the moment to be. He transacted important corporation business, not on the ground, but by cable and telegraph. This inevitably meant demoralization in the personnel. Strong, energetic,

ambitious men will not submit to dictation and irresponsibility of this sort, and consequently Gould's subordinates have not been the country's ablest railroad executives. His entourage developed into a petty court, constantly filled with jealousies, bickerings, and scandal-mongers. Gould became surrounded with sycophants and flatterers, the general desire being not so much to further the interests of the Gould properties as to "stand well" with the head.

Had Gould been an aggressive, masterful person, he might, in spite of these somewhat demoralizing surroundings, have made his mark. On the contrary, his pre-eminent characteristic is indecision of character. He by no means lacks ability; he is capable of forming great, even grandiose plans; he is a good deal of a dreamer, but he lacks the physical force, the "nerve," to see his operations through. According to the Wall Street estimate, he is always saying one thing and doing another; the last persuasive talker who gets

his ear is generally regarded as the one who carries the day. Naturally suspicious, and never sure of himself, he labors under the impression that some one is trying to overreach him, that certain Wall Street interests are "out to get" him, and in every business deal he feels himself perpetually ambushed. In his early days Gould had excellent banking connections; in the last few years he has been unable to establish any permanent associations. He does business with one house to-day, with another to-morrow, and consequently he is on bad terms with practically all. In the last few years George Gould has been a solitary figure—the Hamlet of the railroad world: a man of paralyzed action, making no progress toward his goal, distrusted by all his associates, and even more distrustful of himself.

From this basis the article proceeds to describe how the Gould fortune has been dissipated, and the control of a great railway dynasty lost.

Big Business and the Bench

"**B**IG Business and the Bench," is the title of a series of articles by C. P. Connolly, now running in *Everybody's Magazine* exposing "the part the railways play in corrupting the American courts." The subject is handled in a most vigorous manner, and the exposures are attracting no small attention. The American courts are brought prominently into the limelight. Actual cases are cited showing how the business interests dominate the bench. For example, "In the celebrated Narramore case," writes Mr. Connolly, "President Taft, while a judge on the Federal bench, laid down a hamane doctrine, which, because of the way it has been neglected, condemned, flouted, battered, and outlawed, illustrates the contempt of the courts for the rights of the helpless. The case is clear and simple in its justice. The legislature of Ohio passed a law to compel all railways to fill or block their frogs and switches so as to prevent the feet of employees from being caught.

It made a violation of the law punishable by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars. The railway companies ignored the law—first, because the fine was a matter of indifference to them; secondly, because they controlled the machinery which nominated judges and prosecuting attorneys.

"Narramore, a yard switchman in the employ of the Big Four Railroad, had his feet caught in an unblocked frog and was injured. Judge Taft held that the fact that the railway company violated the law in failing to block its frogs relieved Narramore from the assumption of risk which he would otherwise be compelled to assume.

"The Federal Court of Appeals overruled Judge Taft's decision. And the rule, almost universally, is that the workman, being aware of such a law, as he is presumed to be aware of it, knowing it is being violated, and yet continuing to work, becomes, equally with the corpora-

tion, a violator of the law, so far as his right to compensation is concerned. This is purely a refinement of reasoning in the interest of the corporation. If a brakeman fails to couple his cars speedily, without thought for his own safety, he receives a blast of profanity from his immediate superior, possibly his discharge. If he is injured in obeying orders, he finds himself outside the protection of the law.

"In Massachusetts, where a boy fourteen years of age was injured in a factory by unprotected machinery, the courts of that State held that it made no difference how dangerous was the place of employment, nor how safe it might be made, even at slight expense—the boy waived these considerations by accepting employment. If we follow this doctrine to its logical conclusion, any one, forced by necessity to work, might be compelled to work at machinery as dangerous as dynamite, which might, at slight cost, be made as harmless as thistle-down, yet have to accept the risk.

"I know of no more monstrous doctrine than this, nor one that is so apt to fire the hearts of the poor with rebellion against the courts. I have run across this decision time and again. It has spread its iniquity everywhere on the pages of our law-books.

"In Ohio they have a statute prohibiting the employment of minors in dangerous occupations; yet the courts held that where such a child was injured, the unlawful employment was not to be considered the proximate cause of the injury. Such decisions defy the higher law. They harden the heart and deaden the conscience of the poor.

"A peculiar case in Massachusetts was that of the brakeman who was evidently struck by ice hanging from a railway culvert, and thrown from his train. His body was found beside the track. If he had lived but the fraction of a minute after being struck, and had suffered pain, the brakeman himself would have had a cause of action against the railroad. Had his estate won such a suit, the damages would have accrued to his mother, who was his heir. But Massachusetts law decreed that a mother could recover nothing for the death of a son, though he might be her sole support. In this case the burden of proving that her son had lived after being

struck, was on the mother; but, of course, she could not prove this, and therefore the law assumed that the son was killed instantly, and the mother was unable to recover damages.

"How do we account for these decisions? Is it bribery? I am free to say that bribery, in the sense that we use that word, is not the rule, though I think that the number of times it occurs would, if they could be proved, shock the sense of the American people. I do not have particular reference to these decisions that I have just cited, because they are mere samples of the leanings of courts. I do say, however, that a more insidious form of bribery than that of the actual passing of money is practiced almost universally.

"A leader of the Illinois bar was traveling one day on a train between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis with a judge of one of our Supreme Courts. As the conductor came along, the judge, busy with some other duty, handed his friend his pass-book, requesting him to search for the pass over the road on which they were traveling. The lawyer told the judge he was surprised to find him riding on a pass. The judge insisted that the giving of the pass was a mere courtesy, and entailed no obligations. His friend told him he was mistaken; that he would not be the recipient of the various passes in his pass-book unless the senders of them expected favors in return.

"A year or two later these two friends went into partnership. They accepted a case against a certain railroad. Promptly came a letter from one of the former judge's associates, then still on the Supreme Bench, stating that a high official of this railway had expressed his surprise that the former judge should have taken a case against the railway company after accepting its passes for years.

"In a very recent case in Montana, the Supreme Court of that State commented on the fact that State and county officials, from the highest to the lowest, had been for years furnished by the railway companies with passes, in open defiance of law.

"Federal Judge John W. Phillips, of Kansas City, until his recent retirement from the bench, used to call for the direc-

tor's car on the Rock Island road, which was always turned over to him, cooks, porters and all. If he wanted to ship freight over that road, he did it without cost.

"If a poor sailor should send to a judge a sack of flour, or a knuckle of veal, undoubtedly the judge would publish that fact to the world, and properly make an

example of the litigant. But the railway company gives to judges passes and free rides in private cars, which they accept, not only without resentment, but with a smiling grace. The result is that the scales of law are always favorable to the private car, and against the sack of flour and knuckle of veal."

The Rise of the Silent Drama

THE moving picture show has come to stay. "The progress of the 'silent drama' has been on an unparalleled scale. In fact," writes Robert Grau, in "The Moving Picture Show and the Living Drama" in the *American Review of Reviews*, "some of the developments in this field in the last few months have utterly amazed the prominent theatrical managers and producers. As recently as two years ago, these gentlemen were inclined to regard the moving picture as a temporary fad; but when such offerings came as the Kinemacolor pictures of the English Coronation festivities, and it was observed that the public willingly paid regular theatre prices to see the wondrous spectacle, they marveled. One of the foremost of these, William A. Brady, thus expressed himself: 'If the manufacturer of a photo-play can afford to spend \$100,000 for a single offering on the screen, he has no less than a mile, for that is just twice as much as it cost to produce Ben Hur, a play that has run twelve years.' This enormous sum has, in fact, been spent on more than one film production. The 'Dante's Inferno' pictures cost even more than this, while 'The Fall of Troy,' 'The Crusaders,' 'Cinderella' and 'A Tale of Two Cities' all cost from \$25,000 to \$75,000 each.

As illustrating the trend of the silent drama, it is significant that the Milano Film Company, of Italy, which evolved the "Dante's Inferno" pictures, now announce the completion of a photographic spectacle from Homer's "Odyssey." This immense production involved an expenditure of \$200,000, and was two years in preparation. It is comprised in three "reels,"

which means that there are about 3,000 feet of film, requiring a full hour to run. This photo-play, "The Return of Ulysses," was written by no less a distinguished personage than Jules Lemaitre, a member of the French Academy, and was reproduced by a company of well-known players. Thirty artists were engaged in producing the scenery and paraphernalia, while the *mise en scene* is said to have involved the services of over two thousand persons, including a score of players and pantomimists of established repute on the Italian stage. This series of film will be exhibited within two weeks, and to protect the producing company from piracy, the services of William J. Burns, the famous detective, have been secured. Perhaps the most serious competition to the living stage will result from the advent of the "full play" film producers. Heretofore the photo-play has been a brief affair averaging about twenty minutes to unfold. But in the United States and abroad the "special release" is coming forth with a vigorous impetus. Madame Rajane and the Parisian Company have rendered before the camera Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne" in its entirety, and New Yorkers will be enabled to view this spectacle at the same time that Bernhard's "Camille" is presented, the two offerings being disposed of to exhibitors as a single five-reel production, constituting one entertainment.

In France and Italy, the picture play is being developed on a very high-class scale as to authors, actors and elaborateness of staging. The best plays are chosen, and eminent authors write the scenarios. Not only have Lemaitre and Sardou been en-

gaged in this work, but also Anatole France, Henry Lavedan and others. It is this activity abroad and the certainty that American film manufacturers will follow along similar lines that has caused the conversion of so many theatres into photo-playhouses. In Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport, three cities of the first grade, theatrically speaking, the one theatre in each still remaining to the theatrical syndicate is no longer available to the travelling companies. All three, on the same date (January 29, 1912), reverted to William Fox, the moving picture mag-

nate. Thus even Yale's own town will be denied to the Maude Adamses, the John Drews, and the players under the directions of Messrs. Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger, and their various allies.

The amazing thing about the cinematograph industry is that even the most expensive productions are seen for only a single day in the ten thousand or more picture theatres, the only exception to this rule being where the pictures are exhibited in vaudeville theatres as numbers on the programme. Here they are shown for at least a week and sometimes longer.

The Traffic in Titles

IT has been established beyond any shadow of doubt that knight-hoods, baronetcies, and peerages are sold by the two great political parties in England. If a man desire one of these "honors," he has only to approach diplomatically the political powers that be and pour a certain number of golden sovereigns into the party chest. In due time, unless something is known about the applicant which absolutely prohibits such a thing, his ambition is gratified. Such, at least, is the contention of Mr. James Douglas, who writes on "The Traffic in Titles," in *Pearson's Magazine*.

"The sale of honors," he says, "is like the sale of advowsons—a traffic not too widely advertised; but knight-hoods, baronetcies, and peerages are purchasable; and there is even a tariff for these titles. The price paid varies according to the status of the buyer. But the market price is approximately as follows:

"Knighthood	£15,000
Baronetcy	£30,000
Peerage	£100,000

"The cash is usually paid by instalments in the form of subscriptions to the secret party funds of the two great political parties.

"In the last ten years there have been no fewer than 96 new peers. Of these not more than 49 were the ordinary and normal rewards for public and political services. Of the remainder no fewer than 37 were bought peerages, while 10 may be

charitably classed as being doubtful. Thus we may compile a fairly accurate table of peerages created in the past eleven years:

"Earned Peerages	49
Bought Peerages	37
Doubtful	10
.....	96

"Thus it appears that between forty and fifty per cent. of peerages are bought.

"The debasement of the honors conferred by the Sovereign upon his most illustrious servants is a very serious scandal. Every title acquired by indirect purchase is a slur upon every man who has acquired his title by service or by merit. The truth is that there is no governing idea in the bestowal of honors. A great administrator like the late Sir Robert Hart received a less reward than half-a-dozen obscure nonentities.

"The extent of the abuse may be exaggerated by the tongue of suspicion; it may, on the other hand, be under-estimated. The point is that nobody knows the truth.

"What is the remedy?"
"Publicity! Publicity! Publicity!"

"Let both parties publish their balance sheets. They can be compelled to do so by public opinion, acting upon candidates for the House of Commons. If every voter were to insist upon every candidate pledging himself to vote for a public audit of the secret funds, the system would be smashed."

Wife's Share of Husband's Income

HARPER'S BAZAR is running a discussion on the wife's share of the husband's income, and wives everywhere are giving their experiences. Here is a typical one:

My husband's salary is one hundred dollars a month and we have found that the only way to manage our expenses comfortably is to have an exact schedule of how the money is to be spent. Discussions and disagreements are not to our taste; we talked the question over and settled it as seemed best, and never have we departed from our arrangement.

Well do I know that my husband is more generous than most. He divides his salary between us, and with my half I pay for the food and my own clothes. Everything else he pays for. We divide our income as follows:

HUSBAND'S PAY.	
Rent	\$22.00
Coal	5.00

Groceries	1.00
Fire Insurance50
Benefit society	1.00
Pew rent	2.00
Personal expenses and clothes	12.00
Total	\$43.50

WIFE'S PAY.

Food	\$35.00
Personal expenses and clothes	12.00
Total	\$47.00

This leaves me three dollars a month, and six dollars and a half of my husband's share is left. This we consider an emergency fund. It must cover an occasional doctor's or dentist's bill, all amusements, anything unforeseen that turns up; and they do turn up with surprising frequency. Do not interfere with each other's use of this money, and if there is anything left on the 31st of December it goes into its owner's savings bank account.

England's Social Revolution

ONE of the first measures passed by the Government in 1906 was the Workmen's Compensation Act. This act amended and consolidated the law as to compensation for injuries, extended its benefits to seamen, shipmasters, shop assistants, postmen, domestic servants, and to all employees with a smaller annual remuneration than \$1,250, awarded compensation for all injuries causing more than one week's incapacity, established a special scale of compensation for persons under twenty-one earning less than five dollars a week, and made provision for facilitating the computation of the amount due as compensation, for safeguarding workmen against oppressive agreements, for regulating the disbursement of the amounts payable to dependents of deceased workmen, and for enabling the services of medical reference to be more fully utilized. Another act, also passed in 1906, considerably

simplified and improved the system of reporting accidents in mines, quarries, factories and workshops. A third act of the same year, the Merchant Shipping Act, established for the first time a compulsory food scale on board ship, secured on all foreign-going ships the carrying of a certified cook, increased the space that must be given to the accommodation of the crew, imposed on foreign ships in British ports the same regulations as to food-line, life-saving appliances, grain cargoes, and unseaworthiness as are applicable to British ships, and prohibited the granting of any fresh pilotage certificates to aliens. A more recent act, passed in 1909, and called the Trade Boards Act, attacked the industrial and social evil of sweating. It set up for certain trades boards composed of representatives of employers and of workers in equal numbers, with official members appointed by the Board of Trade. The duty of the trade boards is to fix

minimum rates of wages for both time-work and piece-work in the following trades: (1) ready-made and bespoke wholesale tailoring; (2) cardboard-box making; (3) machine-made lace and net

finishing, and (4) ready-made blouse-making. The act provides also that other trades may from time to time be added to the list.—Sydney Brooks, in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Future Status of Women

WHILE I am indicating the broad features of the conception of the Great State as the opposita to Normal Social Life, it is necessary to point out the scope of our present ignorance and indelusion upon those two closely correlated problems, the problem of family organization and the problem of women's freedom. In the Normal Social Life the position of women is easily defined. They are subordinated but important. The citizenship rests with the man, and the woman's relation to the community as a whole is through a man. But within that limitation her functions as mother, wife, and home-maker are cardinal. It is one of the entirely unforeseen consequences that have arisen from the decay of the Normal Social Life and its autonomous home that great numbers of women, while still subordinate, have become profoundly unimportant. They have ceased to a very large extent to bear children, they have dropped most of their home-making arts, they no longer nurse nor educate such children as they have, and they have taken on no new functions that compensate for these dwindling activities of the domestic interior. That sub-

jugation which is a vital condition of the Normal Social Life does not seem to be necessary to the Great State. It may or it may not be necessary. And here we enter upon the most difficult of all our problems. The whole spirit of the Great State is against any avoidable subjugation; but the whole spirit of that science which will animate the Great State forbids us to ignore woman's functional and temperamental differences. A new status has still to be invented for women, a Feminine Citizenship differing in certain respects from the normal masculine citizenship. Its conditions remain to be worked out. We have, indeed, to work out an entire new system of relations between men and women that will be free from servitude, aggression, provocation, or parasitism. The public endorsement of motherhood as such may perhaps be the first broad suggestion of the quality of this new status. A new type of family, a mutual alliance in the place of a subjugation, is perhaps the most startling of all the conceptions which confront us directly we turn ourselves definitely toward the Great State.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Manufacturer's Greatest Asset

MOST people still look upon Advertising as merely the self-interested effort of manufacturers to sell more goods. It is much more than that. It is a real distributive force, a definite factor in economic progress, and as such, bears as vital a relation to the people as railroads, newspapers and other quasi-public institu-

tions. It is a subject for laymen to understand and for legislators to take account of.

Advertising heretofore has been neglected by all but the men who make their living at it. The public is just beginning to understand that they, too, have an interest in it—just as they have awakened to the

fact that they have an interest in the packing industry, in railroad operation, in banking, etc.

Men's traditional interests—in their government, for instance, which causes them to become widely excited over elections; in the defense of their country through armies and navies; in such things as tariffs; in the nation's policies at home and its diplomacy abroad—are being supplemented by an intelligent interest in the things that concern them more personally and intimately. They are becoming interested in such things as the purity foods, the honesty of fabrics and in general the integrity of the producing and distributing machinery that supplies all of us with practically everything that we eat, wear or use.

In all this change, Advertising has been the most potent factor. Quite aside from its importance as the educative and distributive force which has revolutionized our standards and modes of living by its introduction of new products, inventions and methods, it has had the tremendous

moral effect of proving that honesty pays better than anything else. It has proved, in fact, that a large and a profitable market cannot be built and maintained except upon integrity in the manufacture of goods and honesty in their presentation to the public.

Before the days of trade-marks and national advertising there was a chance for the unfair manufacturer and his unworthy product. There was no one to hold him to account and no method of tracing his goods to their source. Now his fortune is represented by his trade-mark and the public's good-will toward that trade-mark. His greatest asset is the public good-will, and the only way to secure or to hold it is by putting merit into his goods and honesty into his advertising.

That is the reason that nationally advertised goods are safe to buy—that is why business is cleaner than it ever was before—that is why the leading national magazines are carrying as vital a message in their advertising pages—perhaps a more vital one—than in their editorial sections.—James Howard Kehler, in *Smart Set*.

Figure Profits on Selling Price

"Let well enough alone," has a very comfortable sound, but there is nothing in it which enables a man to get ahead.

MOST retailers are satisfied with their methods. They think they are making money. But here is a letter which suggests a reason for the many failures among these same satisfied retailers. The story was told in a letter to the service department of a large manufacturer of store equipment.

This paper has often tried to point out the necessity for figuring profits on the selling price, but the story so strongly illustrates the point that we print it for what it is worth.

The retailer, whose name we cannot give because it might affect his credit, is in business in Indiana. He thought, until a week or so ago, that he was going to

make a good profit last year in addition to his salary, but he has discovered that he has actually lost \$1,125.

"I started the year," he said, "with \$1,100 in the bank and a stock inventory of \$3,450. Doing a cash business, I had no outstanding accounts and my accounts payable amounted to only \$550.

"My business for the year aggregated \$40,600. My stock inventory at the end of the year is \$3,250. My bank balance is \$600. Accounts payable, against me, aggregate \$975. I have drawn nothing from the business except my salary of \$100 a month.

"I found that my cost of doing business was 22 per cent., including my salary. I figured that I should make a profit of 10 per cent., and marked all my goods for that profit.

"I made my purchases carefully so that my stock did not pile up. I handled only

such goods as I was able to move and could make the 10 per cent. profit on.

"But I find my inventory smaller, my bank balance smaller and my debts bigger at the end of the year.

"I expected a profit above expenses of \$2,500. I thought I had that profit. But my year-end statement shows that I have lost \$1,125.

"Can you tell me the answer to this puzzle?"

His mistake was this: He took his cost of doing business and his profit from the cost price. He should have taken both from the selling price.

He has less money in the bank. He owes more. He has less stock. He has not made 10 per cent.—that is plain. Instead, he has lost the amount of the decrease in stock and cash and the amount of the increase in debts.

Why? The service department of the manufacturer to whom he wrote, figured out the problem for him. He thought he was adding 10 per cent. for profit, but in reality he did not add anything for profit.

Suppose an article cost him \$2.25. Suppose his cost of doing business was 22 per

cent., and it was desired to fix a price that would allow 10 per cent. profit. He added 32 per cent. to the cost price of \$2.25, and thought he was adding 10 per cent. for profit.

He had estimated his cost of doing business, of course, as 22 per cent. on his gross business, or on the selling price of the article. Instead of allowing 22 per cent. on the selling price for cost of doing business, he allowed 49.5 cents. Instead of allowing 10 per cent. on the selling price for profit, he allowed 22.5 cents. It really cost him almost 73 cents to sell the article.

Here is the difference: The article was sold for \$2.97, or probably \$3, when it had to be sold at \$3.31 to get 10 per cent. profit. He needed a gross business of over \$50,000 on the same wholesale cost to make his 10 per cent. profit.

Prove the figures: 22 per cent. on \$3.31 is nearly 73 cents. 10 per cent. on \$3.31 is a little over 33 cents. Adding 73 and 33 gives us \$1.06. Adding this to \$2.25 gives us \$3.31.

The whole problem hinges there: *Figure your percentages on the selling price.*

Creative Salesmanship

IN the realm of salesmanship few problems are of more vital interest than that of Creative Salesmanship. There are few authorities, too, who are more capable of dealing with it than E. St. Elmo Lewis. In the course of an address on the subject he recently made the following interesting observations.

I know so much more about the price of baby shoes than about the cost of production—so much more about the tariff than about what sort of an advertisement a woman will believe—so much more about the probable effect of the comet on the earth's orbit than about the kind of campaign that would increase your city's tax-roll by one hundred per cent.—that I am going to ask you to accept the word "creative" very strongly.

Selling is the ever-present problem of the commercial world. It is the pre-eminent

power of America—to sell, to create markets and solve the problems of distribution.

The American is a salesman because he has to make things happen.

The salesman is of two breeds—the man who waits for you to hand him an order and the man who takes one away from you.

The one is created by conditions—the other creates conditions. It is with the latter, so he appears in retail, wholesale and specialty businesses that we have to do.

I want to see where this power of creating business starts, how it can be acquired and what keeps it at top efficiency. I trust you will pardon me if I take some examples from places close at home.

I want you to think on these experiences and suggestions, with the hope that you will be able to find something helpful.

We are understanding that selling is our great and growing problem. Advertising is becoming more and more a profession where trained brains count—Salesmanship, more and more a profession where the finest qualities of human nature and the greatest skill have their chance.

Successful selling depends on three essential and fundamental things:

1. Getting the customer.
 2. Selling him.
 3. Keeping him.
- The first is the advertising man's job. The second is the Salesman's. The last is both the Salesman's and his employer's.

The second and last I am chiefly concerned with, for these things are of the very essence of creative salesmanship.

Every business can stand just so much for its selling expense. Beyond that limit are trials and tribulations, sleepless nights for the Sales Manager, and falling hair for the Financial Manager.

We see a constant effort on the part of business men to bring this question of effective Salesmanship down to a business basis. That is, to a more careful selection of raw materials that it will pay to develop, and then a greater intelligence and experience in the developing process.

There are hundreds of men going up and down the land taking orders from people who are waiting for them to come and get the business. These men fondly imagine they are salesmen, but it has been the experience of most that this kind of a salesman is the most difficult for managers to handle, and who are most likely to talk about salesmen "being born and not made."

Let us analyze the selling qualities in a man.

There are several fundamental elements that go to make up a Salesman:

1. The man must know and practice the law of appearance, which briefly put is, "put your best foot forward."
2. He must know what he knows, and have trained himself to adequately express his knowledge.
3. He must have a lot of things that "he won't do to get business," and have the moral backbone to let the competitor get business by fooling the customer.
4. He must want to learn all the time—

nothing should be "uninteresting" to him—and he must want the things that children know better than graybeards.

5. He must be willing to be taught how to strengthen his weaknesses.

6. He must maintain good health, good habits and never "break training."

7. He must know men as individuals.

8. He must know how to classify individuals into groups and thereby get the general viewpoint from which his house views his customers and its trade in his territory.

Salesmen must be trained in these things—made familiar with their own methods of thought and sources of action. They must be put through a regular course of training to get these things; they must consciously get them. To hand this educational matter out in a house organ, without method, without tests to see who has even read it, is to fool ourselves, and make a joke of the training process.

Enthusiasm is the steam—the force behind this knowledge. Knowledge has to be in turn with two other items, knowledge of men, and knowledge of the goods to be sold. Of these necessary things, the capacity for intelligent enthusiasm is the thing born in a man.

We are too prone to discount the value of enthusiasm. It is so easy to call it "hot air" and "wind-jamming."

Most of us admit the necessity of a knowledge of the goods, but we don't give our men a chance to get it, except in a way most wasteful to ourselves—by experimenting on our customers.

We expect a man to get his knowledge while selling. They don't get it. The policy has failed—and it is the one big selling mistake most of us make. We feel the full weight of the fault when competition forces us to have something besides an earnest desire and the energy with which to get the order.

The manufacturer will spend thousands of dollars and an unreckoned amount of time and energy and thought in developing an invention, but he thinks the salesman who are to realize all the profit on that expenditure, can go out, without a working knowledge of what the invention will do, and sell it.

What chance has a "born Salesman" with such a product?

A department store spending \$200,000 a year for advertising, spent less than \$5,000 a year in sales training.

It used to be thought that the man who was well dressed, had a certain savvy of manner, and was able to tell more or less irreproachable stories, and lie the most consistently, was the "bean ideal" of the American Salesman. We used to think it necessary for a Salesman to know how to order a good dinner. We don't now concern ourselves with the dinners so much, but we concern ourselves more with the dinner.

Terrible Punishment of American Convicts

IN the *American Magazine*, Julian Leavitt, who has been studying prison life in the United States for years, begins a series of articles which ought to make a stir and lead to much-needed reforms. He found it as difficult to get actual information about prison life as to find out what was going on in the Bastille before the French revolution, but he kept on until he has unearthed the most extraordinary lot of facts and incidents and truthful pictures of life behind the bars. Following is an extract from his article, the facts for which came from official reports in Michigan:

"The strait-jacket, once a favorite in most prisons, but now rarely used, was also found at Marquette. It is an instrument well beloved by the more brutal keepers, I am told, for this atrocious reason: The internal organs of the body, as every student of anatomy knows, are packed as skillfully as only nature, with its millions of years of experience, can pack them. But if the body be encased in a strait-jacket and the straps jerked to the last notch, the delicate internal organs may be permanently displaced without leaving any external evidence.

"A milder form of punishment is the 'cuffing up' of men by their wrists with handcuffs and chains to a staple in the wall or to the upper bars of a cell gate in the 'bull pen,' a special punishment room. This was frequently used in Marquette.

Business is getting a little more serious and certain. The scientific attitude towards buying and selling is calling for a revision of our outworn practices.

We are learning that the fundamental requirements of creative Salesmanship are the same, whether we are selling lemons, drops or machinery. We are hearing less and less of the cry, "Our business is different." We are coming to realize that our public remains much the same: we know now that the customer decides the sale, and that we have a part in that decision only in proportion as we know the customer.

"It must be remembered," says the minority report, already quoted, "that the hands of every convict are drawn up to the same height. Such a position allows some men a chance to rest their arms somewhat on the cross bars, but it compels others to raise their hands above their heads, and subjects them to most extreme torture. Men have been chained continuously in this position for a period of fifteen days, only getting relief at night, when allowed to lie on their cots. The handcuffs are never removed. One can probably form some idea of what it must mean to wait on oneself in such a condition."

"One elderly man named Myers, of excellent conduct, a leader of the band, an eminent citizen in general, was strung up six days for failure to perform a task. George H. Hamilton, strung up for seventeen hours consecutively, lost the use of his left hand permanently. Earl A. Thompson, a bookkeeper before he went wrong, was unskilled as a machine operator. He could only finish thirty-six screws of the forty which his task called for. He was strung up two days.

"They were punished for all manner of trivial offenses. One man was punished for using black thread instead of white. Another for attempting to send a letter out of the prison against the rules, another for breaking needles (a frequent and unavoidable accident in overall manufacturing)."

Joseph Pulitzer's Newspaper Creed

MR. PULITZER contemplated the newspaper as in two parts only.

That which dealt with the news was one part, the editorial page the other. All the strictly business aspect he did not consider—not because it was unimportant but because the many centuries of experience have put business principles on an indisputable basis; and they are the same for all occupations,—and have no peculiar relation to any one; and none at all to the conception of the newspaper as he understood it. He said: "News is the life of a paper. Give me a news editor who has been well grounded, who has the foundations of accuracy, love of truth, and an instinct for the public service—and there will be no trouble about his gathering the news. * * * News is the very life of the paper—but what is life without character? Above knowledge, above news, above intelligence, the heart and soul of a paper lie in its moral sense, in its courage, its integrity, its humanity, its sympathy for the oppressed, its independence, its devotion to the public welfare, its anxiety to render public service. To think rightly, to think instantly, to think incessantly, to think intensely, to seize opportunities when others let them go by—this is the secret of success in journalism."

His conception, therefore, involved the points of the well-organized service—the

ever vigilant man at the head of it—and character and incorruptible integrity—as the controlling forces. He said: "I ought to confess that the editorial discussion of politics and public questions has ever been the matter of deepest personal interest to me."

And that indeed was his grand ideal of the newspaper press,—the phase in which it touched public concerns,—its obligation with regard to the national welfare through its influence upon the minds of the people. He held it to be a part of the machinery of a democratic state, "unofficial but vital," as Mr. Taft phrased it. He saw that this relation grew out of the fact that in an age when the obvious impulse is to spread education into every corner of every country, the newspaper is the most prevalent and most potent of all the educational forces—and most helpful, as it rallies the people in support of purity in politics.

He differed entirely with several distinguished men who have recently argued that the editorial page has in recent years lost its influence with the people. He believed that that opinion was derived from the observation of a few notorious cases—where influence was lost because of public contempt.—From "Mr. Pulitzer's Ideals for the Columbia School of Journalism," by G. W. Hosmer, M.D., in the *American Review of Reviews*.

Why Have Slums?

WHILE it may be true that we shall always have the poor with us in our cities, why need we have centres of vice and crime? It is a good work that church and charity organizations are doing in lifting the poor and maimed out of the gutter, but would it not be a wiser policy to abolish the gutter?

This is the age of preventive therapy in medical science. Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York Fire Department, has resigned to organize fire-prevention work.

George W. Perkins, trust magnate, has retired from J. P. Morgan & Co., to devote his time to the prevention of destructive competition in business. The church and the charitable institutions must follow suit if they would hold their own and win in their fight.

Kansas City has begun her work in a business-like way. She has started in to wipe out her notorious "McClure Flats" by condemnation proceedings, as unworthy of her reputation and a lowering of the level of her decent citizenry. She

is doing this through an official Board of Public Welfare composed of five public-spirited citizens who serve without pay, and who have a fund of two hundred thousand dollars this year which to wage war on the slum.

Rochester has abolished her slums simply by providing something better for her poorer citizens, and by raising the standard of living without adding to its cost.

Cleveland has such an admirable building code that Berlin has just adopted it as her model in dealing with the housing problem.

Superiority of American Physique

"ONE of the finest object lessons," writes Professor Meredith Clense, in the *Strand*, "given to the British public on race perfection was on the occasion of the last Olympic games. Some dozen different countries sent picked representatives from the flower of their youth. On the opening day there was a grand parade of the nations before our late King Edward. The opinion was that the British contingent was by far the poorest specimen present, both in physique and deportment. As a matter of fact, the British section looked very much undernourished. True, the British selection committee could have placed a much finer and more representative body on the field if they had chosen."

"I have examined and measured some hundreds of thousands of both sexes and of all classes. I am bound to admit that the average physical standard of the British race is decreasing in both height and general physique, while to my knowledge with one other nation—the American—it is increasing. The reason for this difference is not far to seek. In America those responsible for the welfare of that nation have fully recognized that the overcrowding of cities, the increased hustle and bustle for existence must eventually mean the physical degeneration of the race if something is not done to give the only true antidote—systematic physical exercise."

"Toward this end municipal authorities of all the larger cities have installed a

Boston proposes to cut out her four million two hundred thousand dollar medical bill by the establishment of preventive clinics and publicity. Her slogan is "Boston—1915," and Louis D. Brandeis, efficiency expert, is leading the crusade.

The most notable fact in all this work is that it is being carried out by business men as a business proposition. Our cities have been recklessly and blindly commercial hitherto. Now they are counting the cost of neglect, and are planning for the future along preventive lines.

The slum must go. And it is going.
—Frederic B. Hodgins, in *Leppincott's*.

plentiful supply of gymnasia. For instance, in my last visit to the States, six years ago, I found that Boston (about the size of our Liverpool) had no fewer than six fully equipped physical training schools, each far larger than England's largest (army Aldershot), and, above all, the cost of tuition is practically nil. They are State aided, and they are always full. The fees of these schools are the public elementary schools, where physical exercise is compulsory—and often. The results of about ten years of this State effort to stem the tide of degeneration is now being felt and soon. In another twenty-five years I unhesitatingly say that America will be the fittest race. The same conditions exist in Sweden—hence the Swede's perfect physique, which was so marked at our Olympic gathering."

This estimate of the relative value of various types of physiques is the more interesting and valuable when it is recalled that Professor Clense is a most competent judge. He began life as a soldier in the ranks in the British army and became one of its most distinguished physical instructors. For three years he devoted himself to a study of anatomy to perfect his knowledge of the parts of the human body and for many years specialized as an instructor in such exercises as will enable men and women to maintain their mental and physical health.

What the Scientific Socialist Wants

QUITE apart from the danger of unsympathetic and fatally irritating government, there can be little or no doubt that the method of making men officials for life is quite the worst way of getting official duties done. Officialdom is a species of incompetence. The rather griggish, timid, tenacious, and well-behaved sort of boy who is attracted by the prospect of assured income and a pension to win his way into the civil service, and who then by varied residencies rises to importance, is the last person to whom we would willingly intrust the vital interests of a nation. We want people who know about life at large, who will come to the public service seasoned by experience, not people who have specialized and acquired that sort of knowledge which is called, in much the same spirit of qualification as one speaks of German silver, Expert Knowledge. It is clear our public servants and officials must be so only for their periods of service. They must be taught by life, and not "trained" by pedagogues. In every continuing job there is a time when one is crude and blundering, a time, the best time, when one is full of the freshness and happiness of doing well, and a time when routine has largely replaced the stimulus of novelty. The Great State will, I feel convinced, regard changes in occupation as a proper circumstance in the life of every citizen; it will value a certain amateurishness in its service, and prefer it to the trite omniscience of the state official.

And since the Fabian Socialists have

created a wide-spread belief that in their projected state every man will be necessarily a public servant or a public pupil because the State will be the only employer and the only educator, it is necessary to point out that the Great State presupposes neither the one nor the other. It is a form of liberty, and not a form of enslavement. It agrees with the holder forms of Socialism in supposing an initial proprietary independence in every citizen. The citizen is a shareholder in the State. Above that and after that he works if he chooses. But if he likes to live on his minimum and do nothing—though such a type of character is scarcely conceivable—he can. His earning is his own surplus. Above the basal economics of the Great State we assume with confidence there will be a huge surplus of free-spending upon extra-collective ends. Public organisations, for example, may distribute impartially, and possibly even print and make ink and paper for, the newspapers in the Great State, but they will certainly not own them. Only doctrine-driven men have ever ventured to think they would. Nor will the State control writers and artists, for example, nor the stage—though it may build and own theatres—the tailor, the dressmaker, the restaurant cook, an enormous multitude of other busy workers for preference. In the Great State of the future, as in the life of the more prosperous classes of to-day, the great proportion of occupations and activities will be private and free.—H. G. Wells, in *Herper's Magazine*.

The Chinaman is the Coming Jew

THE Chinaman, as the Jew, has discovered that where wealth is there also is power, and he is rapidly becoming wealthy, so that the position of the Jew as arbiter of the world's affairs is being threatened by the Chinaman. What cures he for import taxes, deprivation of

voting, social disabilities, and all the other restrictions to which he is subjected? He knows that dollars shall sweep them all away whenever he elects to exert their influence. When he sees Jews (and others) with seats in the British House of Lords that within recent years have been bought in every sense but the

technical sense; when he knows that to locate a provincial capital a legislature is bought in every sense, including the technical sense; when he realizes that a Montreal grafter will prefer a dollar from a Chinaman to ninety-nine cents from a Canadian—when he knows and remembers these things (and he does know and remember them), he smiles at acts of parliament to impede his movements and at the thousand and one petty annoyances concocted for his discomfort, as he would at the efforts of Mrs. Partington to set back the Pacific with a mop. The Chinaman is the coming Jew. If Canadians or Americans do not desire Chinamen within their gates, there is a method of ex-

cluding them less insulting than that which now obtains. If it be desired to keep Chinamen out of Canada or any other country, let no one employ them either here or elsewhere, and they will not come here or go there. If they are employed in any country, they are needed in that country. Chinamen will not come to Canada unless Canadians employ them. If, too, Canadians desire to employ them and are prevented from or harassed in employing them, it is a direct and unjustifiable interference with the boasted liberty of the Canadian subject.—William Trant, in the *North American Review*.

The Underworld of London

A DREADFUL, fearful Underworld. A Wilderness of Sin infested with crawling atomies as with vermin. A gloomy realm of festering unrest for which there is no peace, no hope, no relief, no salvation. A place of darkness, in which children awake in the night to grapple with the unclean thing. And that is what all the poor lost souls down there are doing, all night long and every night, but not by day, because there is no day in that foul Tophet. Down there it is all darkness and a nightmare of haunting forms and faces. Faces and forms made visible in the darkness by the phosphorescence of their own corruption. The old, old faces of little children. The hideous childishness of senility. They gibber at you as you pass, and float and mock you in your dreams afterward, all dabbled with tears

and sweat and contorted with pain, yet bursting and swollen with evil mirth at the sight of one another's misery and suffering. They loom through the driving reek, pale, spectral, floating on the unclean wind that forever drifts through these malarious steers of infamy in a never-ending succession of ogling death-masks. Women's faces drift along with these others, weeping with an infantile abandon, making an ugly mouth and letting the big glittering drops come from their sunken or rheumy eyes and trickle down their bloated or hollow cheeks. Young men's faces, perplexed and frowning, that should be gay or resolute.

The sky above that inherited mass of charnel-houses is red as if with the vital stream of life as it ebbs out with the dying day. Night comes down as if God frowned.—Edwin Pugh, in *Forum*.



HIS FACE.

Harry—Ever-ering, is he?
 Alf—Indeed, yes! Half as keen from back to front door.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

"I ain't losing my faith in human nature," said Uncle Eben. "But I ain't 'erp nothin' dat dere's s'ing a long no' att'ence advertised 'Low' des dar in 'Forn'."

DRY WIT.

Material—"Shall I pass any hotel, on this road where I can get a little something to drink?"
 Tramp—"I thought if I know, sir, I'm blamed sure I wouldn't."

THE COLLECTION BASKET.

The parson looks it o'er and frets.
 It puts him out of sorts
 To see how many times he gets
 A penny for his thoughts.

THAT THEY ALL WEAR 'EM.

"Your eyes enable us to see."
 "I'm hooked," the teacher says.
 "And what are yours doing?" said she.
 "Hoping the Student would, said those:
 "To keep our glasses on."

THE BIG-EYED BLONDE.

Such lastness puts you seldom see—
 You sure you'll get an eye-see!
 Such lastness hat—but that, ah, no!
 I fear you'll get per-see!

THE FISH WALK.

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror, arranging her thin hair, when her hair-banded husband entered the room.
 "Say, Emily," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to do?"
 "Why don't you?" rejoined Mrs. Jenkins.

READ NO CHOICE.

The young couple man had just come in the front gate and continued "Mr. Mason," as her neighbor called her, with the perturbed and impatient questions implied by an impatient parent. Being of the common-reasoned opinion, finally the young fellow began to read.

"Unmarried or single?" he asked
 "No," she answered, "and I'd as soon be the one as the other?"

NO WONDER SHE REACHED.

Two of the University of Pennsylvania track runners named a brand and preoccupied professor, showing a young boy visitor through the "Gardens."

"With a delay, sir," the girl remarked:
 "Is this something you'd like to do without stockings?"

"The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension."
 "Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

GOT HIS ANSWER.

According to Parsh, it was an insectile gentleman who called down the employees table. "Is there a burrowing insect at the end of this table?" he demanded. A pleasant note from the employees responded, "Not at this end, sir."

O. HENRY'S REPLY TO EDITOR.

O. Henry had promised to write a story for one of the big magazines, but it failed to arrive after many requests. Finally the editor asked O. Henry's apartment and sent a card note: "If I don't have that story in twenty-four hours, I will come up and kick you down stairs. I always keep my promises."

O. Henry promptly sent back the note: "Dear Sir,—If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises, too."

A MINING SYNDICATE.

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about having a silver mine for \$1000. "I know they'd rape you in!" exclaimed the old man. "We you were too enough to buy a bathing suit."

"But I didn't lose anything. I found a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$1000."

"You did," gasped the old man, as he turned away. "I'll bet you the one who bought it."
 "I saw you are," cooly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

A LONG WAY BACK.

A certain basketed wagon drove in Georgia was held in terror by all the negroes in the vicinity, except Sam, who heavily declared that for one dollar he would stand there all night. A parson was called, and Sam was told to carry out his end of the bargain and to call in the morning for his money. When morning came and no word came from Sam, the house contained nothing but the evidence of a hurried departure. A search party was organized, but without result. Finally, four days later, Sam, covered with mud, came slowly walking down the road. "All right, sugar," yelled a bystander. "Where'd you been the last four days?" To which, Sam curtly responded, "Ain't been comin' back."

ONE ON MR. BALFOUR.

As is well known, Mr. Balfour is an enthusiastic motorist, and Sam is the story of an incident which happened during one of his recent jaunts. With him was a friend formerly in the Army of the Cincinnati and now commander of a certain city. The chauffeur was stopped by a Balfour chauffeur to stop Mr. Balfour to his own chauffeur. The chauffeur indicated that the speed was over the limit. Mr. Balfour said yes it was not. "Well, look at your indicator!" "Er—well, I haven't an indicator," said Mr. Balfour, "no." "But," with emphasis, "I've got a speedometer." As the policeman did not know what that might be, and desiring to show his own ignorance, if a prosecuting official failed to withdraw his hand, and Mr. Balfour and the recorder, all eyes, continued their drive. The chauffeur heard these things, and scratched his head in doubt, but it was too late to do anything.



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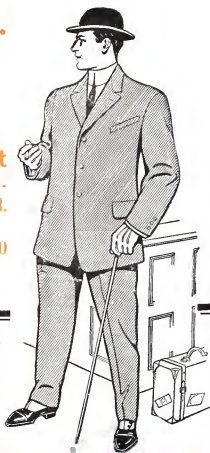
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